

JOURNEY

FROM

LONDON to GENOA,

THROUGH

ENGLAND, PORTUGAL, SPAIN,

and FRANCE.

By JOSEPH BARETTI,

Secretary for Foreign Correspondence to the Royal
Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture.

THE THIRD EDITION.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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MDCCLXX.

22/—

TO THE

PRESENTED
TO THE

ROYAL ACADEMY
OF PAINTING AND ARCHITECTURE



ENGLAND

PAINTING AND ARCHITECTURE
BY JOSEPH BARETTI

In my various travels through
Italy, France, and Germany, I
have seen not a few of
artists, who have been
your monarch attended when he
formed you into an academy.
I had of a surprising to express my
gratitude to the British Museum
for the loan of this copy of the
Royal Academy of Painting and
Architecture, which I have the
pleasure to present to the
British Museum.

TO THE
P R E S I D E N T

AND

M E M B E R S

OF THE

ROYAL ACADEMY

**PAINTING, SCULPTURE,
and ARCHITECTURE.**

GENTLEMEN;

IN my various rambles through
various countries, I have nei-
ther seen nor heard of a set of
artists comparable to that which
your monarch assembled when he
formed you into an academy. In-
stead of attempting to express my

A 2

grati-

iv DEDICATION.

gratitude to that royal goodness, which has deigned to connect me with so respectable a society, I will revere and love it in silence, and endeavour to show that I deserve what it has bestowed, by a vigorous exertion of my abilities whenever occasion shall call them into your service. In the mean while, gentlemen, give me leave to dedicate to you the first work I have prepared for publication since I had the honour of belonging to you. You have a right to this small token of an affection, which inclination as well as duty has kindled in the breast of

Your most humble

and most

devoted servant,

JOSEPH BARETTI.

DEDICATION
P R E F A C E.

I Have not a better apology to offer for my confidence in presenting this enlightened nation with these volumes, than that the accounts of Spain hitherto published in the English language, are in general adjudged to be very imperfect. This observation, which I had often heard repeated by many Englishmen of distinguished knowledge, has emboldened me to publish my remarks upon that country.

In the descriptions that follow, I hope it will appear that I have spared no pains to carry my reader in some measure along with me; to make him see what I saw, hear what I heard, feel what I felt, and even think and fancy whatever I thought
and

vi P R E F A C E

and fancied myself. Should this method prove agreeable, and procure the honour of a favourable reception to my work, I shall owe it in a great part to my most revered friend Dr. Samuel Johnson, who suggested it to me, just as I was setting out on my first journey to Spain. It was he that exhorted me to write daily, and with all possible minuteness: it was he that pointed out the topics which would most interest and most delight in a future publication. To his injunctions I have kept as close as I was able, and my only fear upon this occasion, is, that some want of dexterity in the management of my narratives may justly have subjected me to the charge of egotism, as I am convinced that I have passed too frequently from my subject to myself, and made myself much too often the hero of my own story. Yet this fear is not so predominant, as to exclude the hope that such an impropriety will be overlooked if I have but succeeded in the main point; and effectually assisted the imagination of my reader to form an idea tolerably just of Spain,

by

by exhibiting as well the face of the country, as the manners of the inhabitants. This it will appear that I have laboured pretty hard to attain; and as this is the chief end of a traveller's narrative, the real critick will not be displeased that it has been principally pursued, that subordinate and incidental parts have been less diligently considered, and that, where attention was most required, it has been most liberally bestowed.

W. E. A. T. H.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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[Faint, illegible handwritten text]

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1. The first part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the Congress, dated January 1, 1861. It is a copy of the original letter, and is signed by Abraham Lincoln.

1911

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHAS. BROTHERS

and map and is used I would say

and let me know for 73

of my home through the

10. The following are the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various committees of the Board of Directors:

sample. A lot found about way. But

4. polynomial is not work on

Opposed between Dover and Calais, be-

and into the war; and into the war

THE JOURNAL OF THE

Take it. I go through Poughkeepsie and

to avoid being taken in by the

...and I believe

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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of Spain, as there are but very few
 of either. ~~But I shall~~
~~be home in a few days.~~
 which I have not visited.

To-morrow then is the day, from which
 I reckon it is about ten months or
 three at most, I shall have the inexpect-

Notice given of the departure of
 a noble gentleman who has been
 in absence of full ten years.

London, Aug. 22. 1762

DEAR BROTHERS,

TO-morrow I shall at last quit this
 metropolis, and set out for Fal-
 mouth on my way home through Por-
 tugal, Spain, and the southern part of
 France. A long round-about way! But
 you know that all communication is
 stopped between Dover and Calais be-
 cause of the war; and since I must go a
 long journey, I care not how long I
 make it. I go through Portugal and
 Spain rather than Holland, because of
 Holland I have heard and read enough,
 whereas I know little of Portugal and

less of Spain, as there are but very im-
 perfect accounts of either. Besides, that
 going the Falmouth-way, I shall like-
 wise see the western part of this king-
 dom, which I have not visited.

To-morrow then is the day, from which
 I reckon that in about two months, or
 three at most, I shall have the inexpress-
 ible pleasure of seeing you again, after
 an absence of full ten years. My blood
 runs warmer and my heart beats quicker,
 when I think that after so long a separa-
 tion I am going to sit down again to a
 domestic meal with one of my brothers
 fronting me, and one at each side of
 me.

Now therefore, England, farewell! I
 quit thee with less regret, because I am
 returning to my native country after a
 very long absence, considering the short-
 ness of life. Yet I cannot leave thee
 without tears. May Heaven guard and
 prosper thee, thou illustrious mother of
 polite men and virtuous women! Thou
 great

great mass of literature! Thou nursery
of invincible soldiers, of bold naviga-
tors, and ingenious artists, farewell, fare-
well! I have now forgotten all the crosses
and misdeeds I have undergone in thy
regions for the space of ten years: but
never will I forget those many amongst
thy sons who have assisted me in my
wants, encouraged me in my difficulties,
comforted me in my adversities, and im-
parted to me the light of their knowledge
in the dark and intricate mazes of life!
Farewell, imperial England, farewell,
farewell!

LETTER IX

*People in the stage-coach. Salisbury and
its cathedral. Militia. Bone-lace and
Ducking-stool at Honiton. Love whence
arising.*

Exeter, Aug. 16, 1769.

BEHOOLD! I am distant from Lon-
don a hundred and sixty miles, and
more!

1897

On Friday I got out in one of those
numberless coaches that are continually
going backwards and forwards from town
to town. The coach contained six peo-
ple; and all six proved agreeable com-
pany to each other, though collected
by mere chance: three women on one
side, and three men over against them.

This begins to look like a novel; and
yet it is no novel at all. In this coach
were an elderly aunt with her two nieces,
an English gentleman, a Scotch officer,
and your eldest brother. The six horses
went on at a great rate. I knew the
officer's country by his pronunciation, as
well as by his earnest talking with the
aunt about nobility. This was his fa-
vourite topick. But the Englishman and
I employed our time to better purpose,
chatting as fast as we could with the
nieces, both modestly talkative and mo-
destly pretty. Yet the good aunt was
not so deep sunk into genealogy as her
partner would have her; but turned to

as from time to time, and encouraged
 strength to be chearful and sing songs,
 which they often did in such a manner,
 as to please even an Italian.

In so agreeable a company I shall proba-
 bly not find in the remainder of my
 journey, as it is but seldom that poor
 travellers are so lucky as to meet with
 such good-natured wits, and with girls
 so pretty, so sprightly, and so obliging.
 The Scotsman, though somewhat stiff
 and ridiculous in his accounts of the
 great nobility in Argyleshire, yet was
 not unwelcome, as he is a man of very
 good sense in other respects. The Eng-
 lish gentleman is learned beyond his age,
 and rather over-civil, as he has but
 lately quitted the college.

On the first day I saw nothing, as one
 may say, because we trotted along very
 fast. I could only observe that the inns,
 where we alighted to change horses and
 refresh ourselves, are all neat and good,
 as all inns are on all great roads in Eng-

land. We crossed Salisbury in the second day but did not see much of its cathedral. I should have given a look at it. So I slighted, and ran like a fury through the town. Thus running I took notice of the market, which is spacious and plentifully stored with meat and all sorts of vegetables. Along the large street I crossed, there is water running on both sides just by the houses which must be a great convenience to the inhabitants. I entered the cathedral for a minute. It is a stately building and much more gothic than that of Milan, but not half so large, as far as I can remember. That of Milan I take to be the largest edifice of the kind in the whole world.

On a wide plain, not far from Salisbury, there is that thing (I know not what name to give it) called Stonehenge. I should be sorry if you had not preferred all my former descriptions of several remarkable things in this kingdom. Were

I never

There is some English gold at hand
 and the same is, a small quantity of
 have given the gold in order that
 with pleasing remembrance that such
 together the poor people, and so it is
 that I would be in seeing the country
 again. But still, better little than not
 things. And so, I have seen the gold
 and so far from Salisbury there is now
 a wide country, full of gold and silver
 hills and there is the gold and silver
 of the hills, butts, and other things
 monuments in this kingdom together
 with many fine paintings, almost every
 thing bought at an immense expense
 from your side of the Alps. I do not
 know what possessed me, that I never
 went to see that seat in the space of ten
 years, especially as I was twice in its
 neighbourhood. But men are naturally
 procrastinators: they put it off till next
 day, till next week, and the next day
 or the next week never comes. I
 never

On the third day we dined at a little town called Honiton, where they make a good deal of that lace so much admired by Italian ladies, that goes with us by the name of *Merletti*. I enquired on wonder why it is not made every where, as those who make it are neither philosophers nor conjurers, but poor ignorant women. I would have bought some for some people at Turin: but forbore, to avoid being plagued at the many custom-houses where I shall be searched before I reach home.

At Honiton, from the window of the inn, I saw a battalion of militia newly raised. They went through their military exercise, and I own I did not much admire their movements. However, they will drive the world before them when they come to be better modelled; and the French will find it no jest, if ever they dare to come over in their flat-bottom boats, and set their feet

While on

in the British shores, and they have been
 threatening this long while, better now,
 than when I was here. Then the English-
 man and I walked out of the town, just
 to stretch our legs a little. We went to
 see a small rivulet, where I took no-
 tice of an engine called a Ducking stool.
 What is it? I will tell you, if I can. It
 is a stool to sit on. A kind of armed
 wooden chair, fixed on the extremity
 of a pole about fifteen feet long. The
 pole is horizontally placed on a post just
 by the water, and loosely pegged to that
 post, so that by raising it at one end,
 you lower the stool down into the midst
 of the river. Do you comprehend
 me? That stool serves at present to duck
 fools and termagants; but it is said,
 that the superstitious inhabitants of Ho-
 niton used formerly to place on it those
 old women whom they thought to be
 witches, and duck'd them unmercifully
 several times, sometimes to death.

While

While the young gentleman and his
 were greatly philosophizing on the nature
 of witches, which has been so gene-
 rally at all times and in all countries
 the coach overtook us. But instead of
 getting into it, we wanted to pull the
 young ladies out of it, and give them a
 plunge or two, because in our days the
 opinion prevails, that all pretty girls
 are witches; and old women are so too.
 Indeed Miss Anne and Miss Helen
 had a fine escape, and may thank the
 coachman who was in haste, or they had
 paid for their bewitching looks. Having
 been far from Henmon they left us as
 well as the Scotch officer, and the sep-
 aration seemed grievous to us all. We
 kissed and parted; and not with eyes
 perfectly dry. Did I say kissed? Yes,
 upon my word. But you Italians make
 so much of a kiss, that there is no en-
 duing you. Here we make nothing of
 it, especially on such occasions; nor is
 there any harm in it, whatever you may
 think.

thinks. What have you to say, you people on the other side of that huge mountain? I am sure I shall not abide your silly fashions; now I am used to those of England. What a ridiculous thing is kissing men and men, or women and women! The English have twenty times more wit than you. When I am strong, you again, I will positively follow the English fashions; and so, tell all the dandies in your neighbourhood, that I am coming to mend their manners. I will set up as a reformer now I am a travell'd man, and will do as all travell'd men do, when they get back home. They look, and with good reason, upon themselves as a good deal the wiser for having seen the world. ~~But~~ However, I felt more pain than I will tell you in the act of quitting those two amiable maidens. Perhaps I have seen them for the last time, and that is always an ugly thought! Nothing endears people so fast to each other as travelling together

together in the same vehicle, and with the effect in nature. Our love and affection arises from the pleasure we receive from them. The more pleasure they can give us, the greater our love. This is philosophy, or I am a blockhead. In that coach none of us could receive any pleasure but what was got from one of the other five; and each endeavoured to give some, that he might receive some. Thus one sung a song, one told a story, one produced a pun, one did this, and another did that. The whole world was without the coach, and within there was nothing but ourselves. Therefore having nothing else to love, we loved each other very fastidiously, but been observed, that the strongest love is that contracted in a jail; and the coach was for three days a perfect jail to us: so we were all become friends enough to grieve at parting. But what signifies talking? We parted, and there is an end; such transitory joys and pains are the lot of travellers.

travellers: The coach goes no farther
than this town, and I must find the
narrow of another vehicle.

can give
this is the
L E T T E R III.

Pink dressing not blameable. Fifty broken

in a promise to write trifer.

give
this is the

THIS morning early I walked all

over this town. It is none of the

finest, very ill paved, and very dirty, tho

it is summer. In winter it must be ten

times worse. The houses are general

ly built in such a style of architecture,

that Palladio would have hang'd himself

for vexation, if he had seen them. I

went to give a look to the cathedral. As

it is Sunday, it was full of people, and

the parson was preaching against the va

nity of dressing. What he said upon the

subject was sensible enough, and feelingly

delivered; but not much to the pur

pose,

reason as I thought, because the En-
 nians do not pique themselves, but
 let least who formed his studies, in the
 magnificence of their apparel. Many
 looked clean; but not one gaudy. Yet,
 had they even been fine, I do not like
 to hear dressing much commended.
 Dressing is one of the many things that
 increase the difference between the rea-
 sonable animal and the unreasonable;
 and any thing he it ever so small, that
 increases that difference, is never much
 useful. Extremes to be sure are ex-
 tremes; and the vanity of dressing may
 be carried so far as to be ridiculous, yet
 useful it can scarcely ever be. Therefore
 if I were a preacher I would never hear
 hard upon this point, because I have ob-
 served that people well dressed have in
 general a kind of respect for themselves
 and whoever respects himself, does a very
 good thing. As for my part, I love
 dressing so well, that if I could afford
 to be towards the latter part of the
 afternoon

it I would be half a beast all the year round. This cathedral is Gothic, like that of Salisbury, but much inferior to it in many respects. It is large enough for the town, but has nothing very remarkable, except the fifty figures (if I have counted them right) which adorn its front. They are alto-relievos, and all noseless. Time has pick'd off their noses, and made dust of them, as it does of all noses, whether marble or not. From the top of the church, where I ascended by a winding stair-case, the steps of which are in bad order, I have taken a view of the country round. It is very fine, full of small hills covered with trees, and watered by many streams. Before the cathedral are some trees planted in rows, each tree fantastically cut in the form of a fan. About the walls of a ruined castle, which stands higher than the town, there is a fine walk much frequented by women, as I could see towards the latter part of the afternoon.

afternoon. I saw few men there. The prospect facing the castle on the top of the walk, is one of the most pleasing.

To-morrow my trunk will be forwarded to Falmouth in a cart or waggon. The English gentleman and I go to Plymouth, where I intend to make but a short stay. I want to be at Falmouth and embark for Lisbon. Having no more pretty girls to travel with, I find that I grow impatient, and long to see my journey's end, thinking more and more deeply on the three thousand miles I have to go. It is the seventh or eighth part of the globe's circumference! From Plymouth, and even from Falmouth, I will write to you again, and send my letters back to London, that they may be forwarded to you from thence. From Falmouth onward I propose to write to you every night, even when I am at sea, and tell you the story of every day. But whatever I write, as I go on, shall not be brought to you by any body but myself.

NOON 1772

Be

Be sure I will write a world of things that I shall see or hear. Trifles indeed they will commonly be, as I shall have no leisure any where to make deep remarks. Yet I will endeavour to be entertaining, at least to myself: as I shall probably have no other means of beguiling the evenings but by my quill.

LETTER IV

Manufactures of Serges and Tapestry. Father

Norbert and his workmen from France.

Plymouth, August, 1702.

I left Exeter this morning at eleven, after having visited two manufactories, one of serges, and the other of that sort of tapestry which in French is called *Gobelins* from the place where it is made at Paris. The serges of Exeter are, as I am told, chiefly exported into Catholic countries for the use of monks and nuns of various orders. In several storehouses of that town there are so many

sales of iron, as would suffice to make an
 intrenchment round the ramparts of the
 Austrians, who said yet to be so nume-
 rous in Saxony. I mean that at Easter
 they make a large quantity of those fer-
 ges; but travellers must exaggerate if
 they will prove entertaining. Many fa-
 natical speculators would fain see all our
 religious orders abolished, but what of it
 not for those other fanatics, who com-
 pose those orders, Exeter would fare but
 poorly. As to the Gobelin-tapestry, the art of
 making it in perfection was introduced in
 England by a famous anti-jesuit, the re-
 verend father Norbert, a French repub-
 lican friar, whom Benedict XIV. (a kind
 of anti-jesuit himself) permitted to go
 and live in England, on condition he
 should play the missionary there, and
 convert the good people to his church.
 But, instead of doing as he was bid, and
 as he had promised, the honest fellow
 took the liberty of secularising himself,

assumed

assumed the name of Monsieur Parisot, and turned director of a manufactory of that sort of tapestry. In this undertaking he found means of being assisted by a voluntary subscription of the English nobility and gentry, which amounted to more than ten thousand pounds, as I was told at that time. That subscription the Monsieur pocketed soon after his arrival in London. I went several times from London to Fulham to see his looms, which would have procured him a pretty livelihood, if he had been a man of some economy. But he lived at such a rate, and was possessed of so many virtues, especially those two cardinal ones vulgarly called lust and vanity, that he contracted many debts in a little time, turned bankrupt, and ran away.

The looms and other manufacturing implements which he could not carry off, were sold by auction; and one Mr. Pasfavan bought them for little more than nothing.

nothing. With them he set up a diminutive manufactory at Exeter, after having taken into his service a few deserters from the Gobelins of Paris, who were enticed away by the friar's magnificent promises. These workmen, in consequence of those promises, came over to England, fairly venturing a halter, if they had been caught in the act of deserting. But the friar was far from keeping his word with them as soon as he had a sufficient number of them in his power. The salaries he then appointed them (and they were forced to accept) were but scanty. On his running away from England, the poor fellows found themselves in a very sad plight. They knew no other trade but that of tapestry-making, were ignorant of the language, and could not go back to France, where they would have been hanged for their desertion. Mr. Passavan picked out of the streets of London those few whom hunger and wretchedness had not time
to

to sell, and got them to Exeter; where
he makes a penny out of their labour.

One part of this story I knew some
years ago: the other I had from those
few Frenchmen at Exeter; and I fancy
you will not be displeased with this anecdote of a man so much talked of in Italy for his virulent writings against the Jesuits; whose books were for a time in every body's hands; and whose character proved at last no better than those of the worst part amongst those whom he censured.

I take now my leave of Exeter and of the organ of its cathedral, which the Exonians scruple not to say is the finest in England. And now you must fancy that you see me in a post-chaise hastening to Plymouth, quite enamoured with the rural beauties of Devonshire, which are not inferior to the best parts of Piedmont and Lombardy. At night I reached this town with a whole heck. A lucky thing enough, considering how precipitously I

thouly the postillions drove. It was quite dark when I alighted at the inn. I have written these lines while supper is making ready. Can any body say that I am idle?

LETTER V.

A man of war and a dock visited.

Plymouth Hill, Aug. 19, 1784

THIS morning I rambled about this small and irregular town, and visited its two churches, called St. Andrew and St. Charles. The English ears but little for saints: yet they give their names to churches. A little piece of incense-gruity, as I take it, It proves how difficult it is to get rid of ancient customs. I walked a while on the quay of the Harbour and along the sea-shore, where I saw nothing very remarkable, excepting two bay-mules. One of them was lame. And here, to keep up the character of a skillful, attentive, and judicious traveller,

I must tell you that mules in England are far from being so common as with us. These two are almost all that I have seen in ten years.

Having noted down the lame mule in my memorandum-book with a pencil, I went towards the arsenal, or dock, as they call it here. It is about two miles distant from the town. In my way there, and just by it, I spy'd a man of war of sixty or seventy guns, called the Nottingham. They were refitting it, being just come from a long voyage. As I had never seen the inside of a man of war, I chafe to visit it thoroughly with the assistance of two sailors, who explained to me the use of every thing in it, answering my numerous and foolish questions with a great deal of patience. What is this, and what is that, and what is the use of that other thing? Indeed the fellows were much in the right if they laughed at my ignorance of every thing. I am sure they winked at each other, and

sum I C 4 looked

looked arch: yet I say it again, they were perfectly right to make spots of such a mere landman as I am.

This visit lasted little less than three hours. But, just as it was over, and I was taking my leave of my friendly instructors, a fun-burnt sort of a gentleman came on board; one of the under-officers, I think. He approached me with a very particular kind of civility, something of openness mixed with roughness.

Indeed I know not what name to give to that kind of civility. A medley of boldness, contempt, self-sufficiency, and kindness. Extract an idea out of these different ideas, and enjoy it. Hearing I was a stranger who had never been before under the deck of a war-ship, he took hold at once of both my hands, and grasped them so tenaciously, that I could not escape him. Here, Sir, let's walk below, and I'll show her to you. A damn'd old baggage she; and we'll all go to the bottom in her next voyage; but I don't care a look
"rush."

"*refuse*." It was with the utmost difficulty I saved myself from his well-meant kindness. I entered an inn in the dock, and dined.

After dinner I went in search of an engineer for whom I had a letter, in which he was desired by a friend in London to show me the dock and any other thing curious about Plymouth. He is a most gentleman-like man, and possessed of much polite learning besides his skill in his profession.

He took me into the most hidden recesses of the dock, and showed me every thing. There I saw great heaps of cannon and mountains of cannon-balls, impatiently waiting for an opportunity to assist in the propagation of the human species: there I saw numberless masts of various sizes, all modestly lying down in a vast close: there I saw a prodigious long room, in which many men, running with their backs forwards and their bellies backwards,

backwards, (you comprehend me) were making those ropes, which are afterwards joined many together, and formed into cables as big as my waist. There I saw the vast chauldrons full of tar, where those ropes are boiled: and there I saw a very large wheel so constructed, that it contains about a dozen men in itself, who make it turn with great velocity by their incessant trampling upon some wooden bars, that are laid across its inside. You have seen what we call a winding cage put in motion by the bird it contains? That wheel is made upon the principles of a winding cage, and those men in it may be called the bird. They had no more cloaths on than a frog, excepting their trousers. The men turn the wheel, the wheel moves a press, the press squeezes the ropes that have been boiled in the chauldrons, and the ropes thus squeezed, emit the tar with which they were there impregnated. In short I saw so many things in that dock, that Briareus, who had

had fifty writing hands out of his head
died; would not be able to set them all
down in an age; were he charged with
making the inventory. Upon my credit
as I came out of that place I was little
less than stupified. My faculties were
nearly overpowered by the immense va-
riety of objects that had passed before my
eyes. It was dark when I got back to
the inn.

LETTER VI.

*Fortifications, Mount Edgecumbe, An ha-
bitation fit for Jean-Jacques, An anti-
quarian and his daughter.*

Plymouth Inn, Aug. 26, 1793.

THE courteous engineer called upon
me this morning early, and took
me into a barge rowed by six stout fel-
lows, besides the man at the rudder. We
crossed with great swiftness a part of the
harbour, and landed on a small rocky is-
let, called St. Nicholas, which has been
placed

placed by nature in the very mouth of Plymouth harbour. In less than half an hour we made the tour of the fortification upon it. Then we went to see the citadel, which is certainly very strong, and so well provided with batteries, that were to the French Argonaut who should ever dare to come in search of the golden fleece on this shore. Yet I was not astonished at its strength. He who has seen our fortresses on the Alps, especially *Fenestrelles* and *La Brunette*, needs not to be surprised at any thing of that kind.

It was Charles the Second who built this citadel, in order to bridle the inhabitants of Plymouth, who had sided with Cromwell in the famous civil war. For these several years past they have been adding new fortifications to the harbour and the dock. So that, if the Plymouth people had once the mortification to see themselves checked by them, they have now the pleasure to see themselves secured against all foreign invaders. No foe must

must not think of landing there without
an immense guard. The question was
then it would be possible for any force to
take it: (I said an any force the French can
muster) considering how the approach to
it is rendered difficult by St. Nicholas
and the citadel mutually supporting each
other. But its possible or not, I should
not be pleased to be in the head ship that
came on so desperate an errand.

After dinner we got again into the
barges, and made towards a hill about as
high as that of the capuchins on the
right side of your Po. They call it Mount
Edgecombe; and it is, properly speak-
ing, a promontory which juts out into
the sea on the right side of Plymouth
harbour. The proprietor of it is an
English Lord, who has a house upon it.
In the whole world there is perhaps not
another so well situated. A bold expres-
sion, you will say. But were you to see
it you would be astonished at the prospect
it commands.

From

From its windows, and indeed from
 that whole side of the hill; you see straight
 before you the vast ocean extending itself
 beyond the reach of eyes. The immense
 liquid plain has its uniformity interrupted
 only in one small place about ten miles
 from the land. I mean, that about ten
 miles off at sea there is a Light-house
 erected on a rock, which stands absolutely
 by itself, and is called *The Eddy Stone*.
 The Light-house is very visible from
 Mount-Edgecombe, though at such a dis-
 tance. On the left hand you have the
 harbour with the islet of St. Nicholas,
 the citadel, the dock, and the town of
 Plymouth. The harbour swarms with
 men of war and ships of several sizes,
 some at anchor, and some in motion, and
 with numberless boats perpetually row-
 ing or sailing backwards and forwards;
 the whole of this surrounded by a vast
 tract of fine country, diversified by a great
 many hills and streams of water. Add
 to this, that under the windows and all

about

about the park there are hawks, and deer,
and geese, and turkeys, and other animals
peaceably feeding upon a verdant carpet
bounded all round by a circular walk. A
fine contrast to the busy scene transacted
below in the harbour.

What do you say to it now? They
speak of the *Chartreuse* at Naples, and
they say it is the finest situation in the
world. I believe it. But Mount-Edge-
combe is also the finest, and so you have
two finest, one at Naples, and the other
in Devonshire. In Queen Elizabeth's
time the admiral of the Spanish Armada,
making sure of conquering this kingdom,
begg'd Mount-Edgecombe of Philip II.
by way of reward for his intended con-
quest. Philip promised to give it; but
the English admiral hindered him from
keeping his promise, by accomplishing
the destruction of the Armada with his
invention of fire-ships. A horrible storm
had already begun that destruction.
to this, that under the windows and all
spots

Of the Light-house and rock on which it stands, I saw once the model in London. There was formerly another light-house on that rock, which was washed away by the sea on a stormy night, and still another that was accidentally burnt. I remember very well that I admired much the model of this. The ingenuity of the architect (one Mr. Smeaton), was great, who found the means of erecting such an edifice in such a place; that is, upon a steep rock perfectly naked, and almost incessantly beaten by millions of the most tremendous waves.

To think of digging that rock, and thus give the edifice a good foundation, was utterly impossible, as the rock is near as hard as porphyry. The architect therefore had a multitude of holes bored into it, and large iron bars driven into those holes. To bore such holes required no small labour, as you may imagine. Then, between bar and bar the foundation was laid, by connecting large flat stones in
 6 such

such a manner, that each entered into a part of the next. No sand was employed there but what was fetched so far as the neighbourhood of Rome. You know the nature of the *Pozzolana*, that hardens under water every day more when mixed with lime, and incorporates with the stones in such a manner, as to make one solid mass with them in a little time.

This was certainly a noble undertaking; and thus the dangerous rock is made visible to nocturnal navigators, as lights are shown every night on the top of that strange edifice by two men, who live constantly there, and sometimes see nobody for whole months, especially in winter. Those men have provisions sent them from Plymouth when the weather will permit. But let them be ever so plentifully supplied, still they must husband them with great care for fear of a long tempestuous winter, that leaves no room for sending them any thing. What a happy life some mortals lead on the sur-

face of this globe. To be shut up in a small apartment (a very small one) on the top of a tower seventy foot high, and see nothing but water from its narrow windows, and hear no other sound but that of the raging billows incessantly beating about them! I am told that those billows are often such, as to approach the very top of the Light-house, and sprinkle its narrow windows. The celebrated Rousseau never heard of such a place, I suppose; nor he would have begged the employ of lamp-lighter there, he who hates so much all converse with mankind. It is impossible to imagine a proper mansion for a philosopher so much out of humour with this wicked world.

After having walked a while in the circular walk of Mount-Edgcombe, and well considered all the parts of that surprising prospect, I took my leave of the engineer, who was going another way, and went back to the barge with another gentleman who had dined with us. His

cheerful countenance, the liveliness of his conversation, and the reverend hoariness of his looks, made me readily sympathise with him. He is a Naturalist and an Antiquarian. As we crossed the harbour again, he pointed at a place on the left hand, and made me take notice of some large holes which go deep under the shore. Near those holes, said he, lived in ancient days a mighty giant called *Og-magog*; and we are informed by an old chronicle, that he fought once a most terrible battle with another giant called *Corvus*, whom he killed and threw head-long into the sea just by those holes: so that they have retained the name of the victor to this day, and are called *The holes of Og-magog*.

On our landing at Plymouth the gentleman insisted upon my going to eat a bit of supper with him; and while it was making ready, he shewed me his collection of medals and natural curiosities. But oh the wonderful discretion of a Naturalist

ruralist and Antiquarian! He only, pointed
 ed cursorily to a few of the rarest pieces
 in the collection, and did not seize the
 with minute and tiresome details. Many
 of his brethren have got the trick of
 keeping you a long time, descending upon
 every rusty medal they have, upon every
 broken idolet, every reptile, every plant,
 every petrification, and every chrysalis
 tion; nor are they aware, that he who
 has not made such things the principal
 object of his studies, considers a good
 many of them as mere baubles, and can
 not look upon them with such eager eyes
 as they do themselves, who having em-
 ployed many of their thoughts about
 them, and been at a great deal of trouble
 in collecting, hold almost every individu-
 al piece as dear as a jewel. Do not imagine however, that I con-
 demn the collectors of medals much less
 those of natural curiosities. He who has
 leisure and means, does very well to em-
 ploy them this way, if he knows of no
 better

better to render himself useful to the literary commonwealth. It is of considerable advantage in the prosecution of our studies to know something of ancient coins and other remains of remote ages; and it is a most rational satisfaction to be acquainted with every pebble that lies in your way, with every weed you tread upon, and with every flower you pluck up. And to be able to range almost every thing you see in its proper class, will certainly help on life in a manner delightful as well as innocent. But to honour accidental inspectors with your proper details, proves intolerably fatiguing. My gentleman is none of these over officious explainers, and did not put me out of patience for a single moment. Nor will I pass over in silence his daughter, who seemed to be very well versed in the maidenly science of shells and butterflies, and not even ignorant of the manner in which coral is formed, and insects live in its cavities, as I found by conversation.

better

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s while

while at supper. Her father has made her the keeper of his cabinet, and she knows so much of every thing in it, as to supply pretty well his absence when there is occasion to shew it to strangers. I wish we had in Italy many young ladies as learned as Miss Betty, and able to procure themselves so harmless a pastime as that of examining the various productions of nature. I think it would be a very advantageous addition to that of dancing well, and fingering a harpsicord with a masterly hand.

But the pleasure of scribbling has made me encroach upon the hour of going to bed. Therefore, good night. I see the dawn peeping out. It is near four by my watch, and rather time to set out than to go to sleep. However I will go to sleep; and so good night again.

While
D 3
body

LET.

LETTER VII.

Petty tyranny scarcely avoidable. Incessant

rain.

From an inn called Horse-bridge, Aug. 21, 1760.

THIS has proved a very rainy day, which has made my short journey very disagreeable. At the town where I dined, having nobody to talk to, and yet wanting to talk, I asked mine hostess how she went on in her business. Very poorly, said the old woman. I am sorry, said I, to hear you say so. But how can this be, as this town seems so populous?

She then informed me, that almost the whole territory of that town belongs to a noble peer of this realm, who never goes there, and leaves all his concerns to the management of an agent. The agent by these means, from a very insignificant fellow that he originally was, is become a most considerable personage in the town and plays the bawhaw over almost every

body there. Do you see whether the w^{oman}
 many that girl there? When she was a
 virtuous girl, and never would mind the
 agent. I will say no more: but he took
 something amiss of us, and declared him-
 self our enemy. He is still p^{ro}genful hair,
 and does right and wrong, just as he lists:
 how can we get any redress, as the justice
 of himself stands in fear of him. Some of
 the townsmen, who have been wronged
 by the agent, as well as we, are gone se-
 verally to London to complain of him to
 the lord, but never could get admittance,
 because he is too great a man to be spoke-
 to by ordinary people: besides that, se-
 veral of his grace's servants are in the
 p^{ar}shaw's interest, and take care to stop
 all information. Every body gives a good
 word to the lord, and says that he would
 set all things to rights (a) if he was but
 apprised of what is doing in this place.

(a) The complaints of the inhabitants (as I was casually
 apprized since my return to England) have reached the
 peer, and the agent has been turned out of his place.

To distress me and my family, the agent
 will have nothing further to do with any
 inhabitants who comes to my inn: and
 he has it in his power to harass many,
 and deny bread to many, having, as I said,
 the management of almost all the land
 in the territory, and many of them being
 the lord's tenants. Thus I am ruined.
 I continued the old woman, as I have no
 means of subsistence but such chance tra-
 -vellers as you are, and the road from
 Plymouth to Falmouth not much fre-
 -quented. Not a single glass of cyder can
 I sell to any body dependant on that man.
 They all avoid me and my house, as if
 the plague was in it! Now, ye Englishmen, said I to myself,
 behold! Here as well as elsewhere, the
 whale swallows up the small fishes,
 whatever you may say of your laws, which
 you think so very antidotal against all sort
 of tyranny. Your laws, you say, are an
 adamant shield that covers your whole
 island. No oppression is here of any
 kind;

kind: nor not the least shadow of it. But go to mine hostess, gentlemen, and you will hear another story. You will hear that it is in your country as in all others: I mean that no such laws can be thought on by mortal legislators, as perfectly to screen the weak against the strong, or the poor against the rich: especially when the subject of complaint is not so great as to draw the public attention, which is generally the case in those many oppressions that the little endure from the great. Innumerable are the distresses that one part of mankind would heap upon the other, were it not for a law much higher than any you can pass. That law you must all endeavour to inculcate to each other, that it may spread further and further. That alone will prove powerful if you keep it: but if you despise or neglect it, none else will be much conducive to the suppression and extinction of petty tyranny. Thus

Thus did I go on moralizing the whole afternoon, closely shut up in my chamber because of the rain. This inn on Horse-bridge is the last place in Devonshire. To-morrow I shall be in Cornwall by break of day.

LETTER VIII.

Chivalry-books. Variations of Speech. Tin, Gold, and Coal-mines in Italy. Why should we work hard?

Falmouth, Aug. 22, 1760.

WITHIN pistol-shot of the house where I wrote my last, there is a brook with a plank over it. At the east-end of that plank Devonshire ends, and at the west-end Cornwall begins.

Cornwall is a province frequently mentioned in our ancient books of chivalry. It is represented as a country, where knights-errant often met with strange adventures: With distressed damsels riding about on milk-white palfreys in search
of

of assistance against some giant who had robbed them of their lovers, or against some necromancer, who had shut up some beautiful queen in his enchanted tower.

Why Cornwall was oftener named in those books than Devonshire or some other of the adjacent parts, is not easy to say. Perhaps some fashionable description of that country, determined their choice, or perhaps in the ages of chivalry Cornwall was better known to the Italians than Devonshire and other adjacent parts on account of the tin with which it abounds. The Italians were then the greatest (perhaps the only) navigators in Europe, and knew one better than the other upon that account. Give a better guess if you can to the predilection our romancers had for this province whenever they laid the scene in Great Britain.

As Falmouth is little less than three hundred miles from London, I expected to be much puzzled in many parts by variation of speech. But I have found that

the

the same language is very nearly spoken all along the road. The very speech of Falmouth is so like that of London, as not to give me the least trouble. This would not have been the case in Italy, were in a much shorter space, you meet with dialects quite unintelligible to the Tuscans or the Romans, and what is still more surprising, with other manners and other tenours of living, which is not perceptibly the case from London to Falmouth.

However it is lucky that I happened not to come this way about a century and half ago; for I am told that a dialect of the Welsh language was then spoken throughout this province, which had certainly been utterly unintelligible to me. How the Cornish came to be quite annihilated in so short a time is matter of astonishment, considering that the present inhabitants are not colonists, but lineal descendants from the inhabitants of that age.

As

As it has rained apace, ever since I
crossed the small brook above mentioned,
I could see almost nothing these three
days, but the road and the inn where I
alighted. I cannot therefore tell you any
very remarkable thing of the country
which I left behind. It was my intention
to stop at Truro, and go to the tin-
mines in its neighbourhood; but this
continual rain, which still continues, has
defeated my scheme, and put me quite
out of humour; so that I jogged along
to this place, and thus have deprived both
you and myself of some entertainment
and information.

Truro is the chief town of Cornwall.
By what I could see of it, I liked it bet-
ter than either Exeter or Plymouth.
Along one of the streets lie scattered a
great many square pieces of tin, each of
about three hundred pounds weight, as I
am told. They tell me likewise, that tin
is dug out of the mine along with a great
deal of earth; and not in bits or lumps;
but

but in grains as small as common sand. The tin is separated from the earth by several washings, and when thus separated, is melted and cast into those square pieces. The pieces are marked with the king's stamp, and a small duty is paid for that mark. Then it is melted again, and cast into ingots about as big as my thumb, and a little less than three spans long; and in this form is tin transported wherever it goes. I got one of those ingots, and could as easily bend it as I can a rope. In the bending it gives a successive cracking sound, and yet it is not a sound properly speaking, it is rather a noise. Nor will an ingot break by bending, except you twist it hard, and contrary-wise. The square pieces look very much like silver unpolished, and emit a pretty sound or tinkling when struck with a stick or a stone.

It is a good thing for the Cornish people to have plenty of a commodity like this, which is of general use, and almost

peculiar

peculiar to their province. It makes them ample amends for their soil, which in many places seemed to me very barren. I do not know whether we have any tin in Italy: but I have once seen an English book of travels, (whose title or author I cannot now recollect) in which it is said, that the hills about Spoleto and Norcia contain much of it. If this is true, our Italians must be considered as less industrious than the English, for not searching into those hills. It is a remark made by many foreigners, that if nature does not place her treasures within the reach of our countrymen, they scarcely deign to have recourse to art in order to get at them. I will not for the present attempt to settle the ballance of industry between ours and other nations. Such a discussion would be endless. This however I will say, that we have coal-mines in several parts of Italy, which were never looked into, but by some curious naturalists; and that I have myself seen hundreds

deeds of poor people searching for gold in some of our rivers, particularly after a heavy shower in a torrent called Orto, which runs between the high Monferrat and the Genoeſe, and was told, that many a one is often ſo lucky, as to get in a few hours as much of it as will ſell for a crown and more. Yet no body ever made the leaſt attempt towards diſcovering the place from which that gold is waſhed down.

—Theſe and ſeveral other neglects of this nature, have often been cenſured by ſtrangers, and the character of the Italians for induſtry is not ſo great in foreign countries as it ought perhaps to be. But though we do not ſearch for coals and metals, yet I cannot find in my heart peeviſhneſs enough to join with theſe cenſurers. It is true that to be rich is a moſt convenient thing; and you will eaſily believe me when I tell you, that I ſhould not at all be diſpleaſed at an income of ten thouſand pounds, and even ten thouſand

times more. But when I consider that Italy fares as well, taken all together, as any other country that can be named; that there are as few real wants amongst us as any where else; that very few amongst our poor live in perfect idleness; and that few, very few, are those who can ever be enriched by hard and constant labour; when I consider all this, I cannot indeed wish to see labour much multiplied amongst our poor. And pray, why should they

*Ransack the centre, and with impious hand
Rifle the bowels of their mother earth
For treasures better hid?*

and why should they work harder and harder, to no better purpose than to make the rich still richer?

Italy has been so favoured by providence, that it might shift by itself, better perhaps than any other country, if it were put to it. We have a fertile ground that yields with moderate labour not only every necessary of life, but even a great

many articles of luxury; nay, we have those articles in such plenty, that we can well spare a large share for other nations, and exchange them for what we fancy will do us good. We want nothing really, but a succession of good governors careful to see that people may have a share suitable to their several ranks of those blessings which the country yields with great liberality; and let English, Dutch, or other people, born in climates less kind than ours, perpetually contrive new schemes to load their poor with work, and think perpetually how to put them all (if it were feasible) about unboloming mountains, or plowing the ocean in numberless directions, in order to encrease the number of the few who are to enjoy without working. Too much must be endured by those, to whose lot it falls to go upon such errands; and I like not to see our poor employed in occupations that kill some and harass many.

I know that politicians and traders have millions of things ready to offer against reasonings like this. The very dullest amongst them, thinks himself equal to the task of proving, that the Italians, because less industrious, must of course be less happy than the English or the Dutch, who are the modern patterns of industry. But let us take notice, that in the dictionary of traders and politicians, riches and happiness are made perfectly synonymous, though they are not strictly so in the lexicon of philosophers; and let us reflect above all, that it is impossible to enrich the hundredth part of the inhabitants of any country, but through the hard and incessant labour of the other ninety nine parts.

LET-

THE LETTER IX.

*Richards. Packet-boats, and last farewell
to England.*

Falmouth still, One o'clock in the afternoon, Aug. 23, 1760.

MY trunk has been carried this minute on board; I have already dined; I have paid four guineas for the permission of embarking; and have no further business here but to wait for the signal of departure. The weather is perfectly fair, and the wind as favourable as one can wish, since the streamer on the mast head points exactly to Lisbon.

It was a most lucky thing that I reached Falmouth last night. Had I tarried four and twenty hours longer on the road, I should have been obliged to pass a week or a fortnight here, waiting for another packet; which had proved somewhat vexatious, as this place affords no other amusement to an unknown

stranger, but that of walking about, or
looking on the sea.

Last night I supped with some gentlemen just arrived from the place where I am going. They had a very bad passage. Calms and storms alternately, and were full four and forty days about it. If this was to be my case, it would heartily make me curse my curiosity to see Portugal and Spain. However let us hope for the best. I have now advanced too far to retreat, and will take my chance.

So by and by I shall be in England no more! This is no pleasing consideration. By and by I shall be tossed up and down the waves. And this other consideration, do you think it pleasing? But, what is really not pleasing, I shall have no other company on board, except the people that belong to the packet. What shall I do to employ my time if the passage proves long? Scribble and read. But a man cannot read and scribble for ever. I shall want a little talk likewise; and the

people

people of the packet, I suppose, will have other business to mind than my converse. Put all this together, and say whether my present situation can raise your envy. But it is a folly to abandon ourselves to our imaginations when they are of the gloomy kind.

I had not much rest last night, as I went to bed much vexed at the rain that continued pouring without any sort of discretion. But rising with the sun, I was mightily pleased to see it shine in its greatest glory, and not the least speck of a cloud in the whole horizon. I walked along the shore, waiting for the captain of the packet, with whom I was to go for the passport. In my walk I met with a gentleman, an early riser, it seems, as well as myself. I bowed; he bowed. Going for Lisbon, sir? Yes, sir. I hope you will have a good passage. I thank you kindly. Words beget words. We said something of the war; we made a jest of the French; praised the king of

Prussia, prince Ferdinand, and so forth. Then we came to talk of Falmouth. He told me that he traded much in pilchards, and that he sent every year several ship-loads to several parts of Europe, and particularly to Italy. Those commodities, and Pilchards, as I could collect from his discourse, are the chief commodity that the Falmouth people have for trade. The fish comes in this neighbourhood generally three times a year, and always in large shoals. That which is caught in winter proves best and sells best. They take immense quantities of it; salt it; stow it in large barrels; and sell it for the greatest part to the several catholic nations. Should the Pope turn Protestant, and abolish lent and meagre days, or only tell us that it is no sin to eat a good fowl on a Friday, the Falmouthians would have no great temptation to laugh at the jest. Yet, besides this resource, they have money necessarily circulating in the town, in consequence of the many
packets

packets Here stationed for several parts of the West-Indies, Spain, and Portugal. Nor is this country barren and unpleasant. I like very well what I have seen of it, and Falmouth seems to me one of those innumerable places where a man may live agreeably, provided he has wherewithal to supply all his wants. But hark! it is the signal-gun that calls me on board with its resounding voice. So farewell England, farewell again and again.

LETTER X.

*Sea sickness. Monsieur or the dog. Neither
Flight nor storm. Englishmen mending.*

From on board the King-George Packet, about a hundred and fifty miles off Falmouth. Aug. 24, 1760.

YESTERDAY about two o'clock in the afternoon I came hastily on board. The sails were spread, and in less than three hours, with the shore always in view, we found ourselves off a place

called *Land's-End*, which (as the name implies) is the western-most point of England. I fetch'd a deep sigh when a little after I saw it no more.

It was near eight when all I could see about us was nothing but water, water, water. The sky was quite bright, the wind blew very fresh, and the sea was as flat as the table I am writing upon: so that, finding I was already thirty miles from the shore without the least symptom of the sea-sickness, I made sure I should escape it. It came into my head that about five and twenty years ago, crossing that little puddle pompously called *the Adriatic Sea* by the Venetians, I was taken ill within two or three miles from the land; and that the same had happened ten years ago when I went from Boulogne to Dover. This was good ground enough for hope, considering my present distance from the shore. Yet that hope was blasted, and at sun-

set

set my stomach wrought with such violence, that for near three hours I was more ill than words can express. I was carried down little less than senseless, and put to bed. An end was soon put to my torment by my falling into a most profound sleep, in spite of the incessant crackings of the ship, and in spite of the walking, talking, singing, and jumping of the sailors.

- It was near eight this morning, when I was awakened by some of the fellows crying out *a sail, a sail*. As I found myself tolerably well, I got up instantly, and went upon deck, where about an hour after, I saw through my spying-glass a ship that seemed to make towards us. Now, thought I, I shall have something to enliven my letter of to-day. Every man on board was looking at the ship, some through telescopes, and some with their own eyes, none could as yet tell whether it was a friend or a foe. This

packet

packet is a most special sailer; so that
 none of our people feared being overtaken
 by any pursuer, and we went on as if
 no body had been in sight. The Captain
 inquired with great kindness after my
 health, hoped I would be sick no more,
 and ordered tea, which was most accept-
 able, as my throat was very sore because
 of the efforts made last night. I break-
 fasted heartily; then looked again at the
 ship that followed; then took up a book;
 then went down to dine; then went up
 to look at the ship again; then read a-
 gain and again. Towards five this after-
 noon the ship was within two or three
 miles of us, and several of our people
 were positive that it was *Marshal Bellisle*,
 a privateer of Morlaix that carries twelve
 or fourteen guns. By what marks they
 could know it, I cannot tell. As this
 opinion prevailed, our tars wished the
 Dog would come an inch nearer, just to
 give him a broadside or two, by way of
 pay-

paying him for his sauciness in looking at us. As we have a few guns more than the Dog, (for dog is the word) we would presently cure him of his impertinence. But packets are strictly forbidden to fight, when fighting can be avoided by sailing away. They cannot even stop to attack enemies of inferior force. Therefore Monsieur, or the Dog, (the two words are synonymous,) is perfectly safe, and may follow as long as he lists. We have now spread a few additional sails, and the captain tells me that in about two hours we shall see him no more if this wind continues. My account of this voyage therefore will not be graced with the narration of a naval combat, which would make it much prettier; and it will prove quite insipid if we are also so unlucky as not to meet with a storm to excite a little my powers of description.

But what shall I say now the privateer has disappeared? I want a subject for scribbling

scribbling half an hour longer, and here I have none at hand. Let me step back to the dear island I quitted yesterday. The farther I went from London, the more tractable seemed the low people. None did I meet that was sparing of bows and civil behaviour; and in the whole journey I never was honoured once with the pretty appellation of *French dog*, so liberally bestowed by the London rabble upon those who have an outlandish look, and you know how few are the strangers that can look like natives anywhere. This custom of abusing strangers without the least provocation, is by many attributed to the freedom of the English government. But I am far from being of this opinion, as the custom of abusing strangers is not peculiar to the English. There are other governments quite different from the British, where the low people make thus free with those who are not their countrymen; and call them

French.

by injurious names as they go by. However, in the space of ten years, I have observed that the English populace have considerably mended their manners in this particular, and am persuaded that in about twenty years more they will become quite as civil to strangers as the French and the Italians. When I first went to London, I remember that a stranger could scarcely walk about with his hair in a bag without being affronted. Every porter and every street-walker would give a pull to his bag, merely to rejoice themselves and passengers. But now, both strangers and natives wear bags about London without molestation; nor is the *French dog* by far so much in fashion as it was then, when they would even bestow it upon a Turk, whose chin was shaded by a beard, and whose head was hidden in a turban.

The low people all over the kingdom seem to think that there are but two nations in the world, the English and the French;

French; and he must be a Frenchman who is not an Englishman. Then they know something of a sea-faring people called the Dutch; for whom they have the greatest contempt. But talk to them of other nations; of the Italians for instance: They have heard something of the Italians; but a'n't the Talians French? What are they? Have they any bread to eat, or any beer to drink, like the English? Or do they feed upon soap-meagre and frogs like the French?

Here you will be apt to wonder at the ignorance of the English populace; but while you wonder, be pleased to recollect that our Italian populace are full as ignorant, and even more. What notions have our populace of the English? They have heard that the English do not believe the Pope to be infallible: of course they are not Christians. But what are they? Nobody knows for certain; but the English believe in transmigration, and that they shall be turned into some animal.

animal or other after death; mean while they are all Lords, and not men and women, but something else, no body knows what.

Such are the notions our low people have of the English; and what encreases their absurdity, is, that they see English travellers every day, who look as much like men as the Pope himself. And as to the English notions about eating and drinking, did you ever hear of the honest Neapolitan who was going to Rome? He put bread and onions in his post-chaise, not knowing (said he) whether there was any thing to eat at such a distance from Naples.

Excusing therefore their rudeness to strangers, and their contempt for all other countries, (into which contempt they are betray'd by many of their daily scribblers, who are incessantly reviling all other countries;) the populace of England is far from being so hateful as strangers are apt to think a little after

their arrival in London. I have seen them contribute as many shillings as they could spare, towards the maintenance of the French prisoners they have made in the present war: I have seen them sorry when the news came that Damiens had stab'd the King of France: and I have heard an universal shout of joy when their parliament voted a hundred thousand pounds to the Portuguese on hearing of the tremendous earthquake. What do you say to this? Is it possible to hate people of this make? What signifies their ridiculous custom of calling names, by which foreign blockheads are so much offended? But 'tis time to go to bed. If I am in the humour to-morrow, I will resume this topic, and tell you more of the English. Except a little sore-throat, I now find myself better than ever I was in my life; and yet last night my sickness was so horrible, that I thought it

impossible to survive it. It is really a
thing that feels fatal.

LETTER XI.

*Acquaintance contracted at Sea. A Bage
pipe. Juno's and Venus's.*

King George Packet, Aug. 25, 1769.

THE Captain's name is Bawn, and
the Lieutenant's Oak. They are
both very kind and very civil; nor did I
ever see any people mind their business
more closely than they do theirs. I think
they live without sleep. They are always
upon deck, and attentive to the sailors,
that each may stick to his respective duty.
Scarcely dare I to exchange ten words
with either for fear of proving trouble-
some. However, when we are *along side*
of a buttock of beef, as they phrase it,
we talk fast enough, and drink to each
other merrily. But you do not know that
I have found a treasure in this ship. Yes,

indged, and this treasure is the Surgeon.
 This morning, as we were both in the
 great room (I mean a room which is
 eight or nine feet wide) I saw this sur-
 geon looking into a quarto book, which
 I perceived to be an Italian dictionary.
 Do you read Italian, Sir? "I have been
 studying it a while, Sir, but I cannot
 say that I know much of it."

These were the first words I heard him
 utter, for he looks very reserved. Sir, said
 he, I know something of Italian myself,
 and if you chuse, we will read a page or
 two together out of any book you have.
 With all my heart, said he; and fetch'd
 a volume of Redi's medical consultations.
 I read a few periods, and as fluently as if it
 had been my own language. He was asto-
 nished at my readiness, as he had not yet
 found by my pronunciation that I was
 no Englishman. You read it, said he,
 much better than I. Were you ever in
 Italy? Ay, said I, I was only born and
 bred there, and was moreover the very
 identical

identical compiler of this dictionary. The Scotchman (for he is a Scotchman) seem'd extremely pleas'd with this kind of adventure, and we are already very intimate friends. He speaks Spanish and Portuguese, besides some other languages; has been in all the four quarters of the world playing the surgeon on board this and that ship, and seems well-skilled in his profession. Was it possible to form a better acquaintance in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean? He plays, besides, on the bag-pipe; an odd instrument I never saw in Italy. Our mountaineers indeed have the bag-pipe, but different from his. They introduce the air into the bag by blowing continually into a tube while they are playing: but he swells it by means of a bellows, which he presses with his left elbow, while he is managing the flute with his fingers. A very good contrivance to spare one's lungs! We are resolv'd to read a good deal of Italian and Portuguese before we reach Lisbon.

I ask him numberless questions about Malabar and Madagascar, and tell him, by way of exchange, all that I know of Milan and Venice. Be no longer concerned at my situation: I am very well off; and this voyage shall be cheerfully performed.

I promised yesterday to speak a little more of the English. Let us then begin with the Ladies, the best subject in the whole world to write upon.

And are the English Ladies handsomer than ours? Upon my word I expected this to be your first question. But first or last, the answer requires some consideration: Nay, I will not answer it at all. I will only tell you a bit of conversation I had once with an able painter of ours, who has lived many years in England as well as myself. I ask'd him once this same question; and his answer was, that in Italy he has seen more Juno's than in England; but that in England there are more Venus's than in Italy.

How-

However you must not conclude from this continued her, that the Italian beauties are all in the grand stile, and all the English in the lovely. There are many pretty women in Italy too, and many very majestic in England. But, in general, the British have more delicate complexions than ours, and ours more determinate features (*fattezza risolta* was the phrase) than theirs. Look at the skins and shapes at Ranelagh. Do you ever see anything in Italy so bright and so tempting? But then look at the noses of our Roman Ladies, look at the lips of the Neapolitan, look at the whole form of the Lombard and Venetian! Is there any thing properer for a Raphael to paint, or a Michelangelo to carve? In another thing, besides, our Italians excel. No eyes in the world like those of Italy for striking you dead at once.

Flang your eyes and eye-brows, said I peevishly. I care not a farthing for eyes or skins, for lips and chins, for noses and

shapes. What's all this to me? I am in-
 timely for sense, wit, and goodness, which
 are the true sources of amiableness in the
 fair. This is what we ought to mind,
 and not your fooleries about Juno's and
 Venus's. And will you say, that in point
 of wit, sense, and goodness, the Italian
 Ladies can vie with the English? The painter
 seeing me grow so angry,
 ran away, crying that he would not listen
 any longer to a traitor to his country;
 thus I lost a fine opportunity of show-
 ing my skill in debating a question.

LETTER XII.

Tediousness. Vain efforts to drive it away.

King George-Packet, Aug. 17, early in the morning.

IT was impossible yesterday to make
 use of my quill, because of a flat calm
 that made me sick. About sun-set a
 gale sprung up, and I could eat a bit of
 biscuit, drink a glass, and go to bed
 without being carried.

At

At five this morning I got up, not at all cheerful. You never saw me in so brown a humour. I went upon deck, and sat there a full hour in perfect idleness. It is now past six, and I am still torpid, and my mind seems unwilling to be put in motion. Yet my mind is not a bottle of claret, that must be handled gently: so I will shake it, and force it to guide this quill until I am called to breakfast.

Vile dead weather that of yesterday! I know now what a calm is, and am sure storms are better by half. The captain says the contrary, but I will not believe a word about it. Did not the calm make me sick! Nor is it possible to describe the horror of that disorder called the seasickness! He must be an orator that can. You groan in spite of yourself: you growl like a wounded wolf, if wolves growl when they are wounded, which is bad thing I am not sure of: you are ill, vastly ill, prodigiously ill! and yet, the

1A 7 more

more sick you are, the more these sea-saring folks go on repeating, that 'tis nothing, nothing indeed, nothing at all. Now heartily I could thrash them, if I durst, for terming nothing so dreadful a torment! and yet they must be right, for they must know better than I.

Nor is that hateful sickness the only plague one has on board a packet. There is another to be encounter'd, named Tediumness, which is full as great, full as detestable. And how can I help myself against it? I may stay below in my room, or I may stay upon deck. If I stay below, I cannot have any company, save that of my own self, which is pretty tolerable company as long as I can write. But can I write for ever? I grow presently tired of it, and tediousness lays hold of me if I do not run up-stairs. Well, I run up-stairs. But what can I do when I am there? I look at a very tall may-pole here, and at another there. They both support some pieces of canvass that hang loose

loose in a calm, or catch the wind as it happens to stir. Do I look at any thing else? Yes! at two rows of brass guns that never will let me hear their voices, on the frivolous pretence that no Monsieur will come near enough to be spoke to. What else can I cast my eyes upon? A boundless plain that struck me once with its immense expansion, rendered infinitely awful for a moment or two by an interminable uniformity, and irresistibly tremendous by its massy solemn undulation. The object is grand, prodigiously grand! But I have look'd at it so long, that familiarity has had its usual effect, and I cannot bear any longer that invariable expansion and undulation invariable. I find that nothing can please me long but what can talk; and the ocean cannot talk!

Here you will say, that a man used to think, might beguile one hour after another even in a dark dungeon, if he would but exert his mental powers and think away without intermission. How

pretty

pretty this in speculation! But where is
 the man who can always call forth
 thoughts, and force them to dance in
 his presence as he pleases? Whatever you
 may do where you are, I cannot in this
 packet. I have often endeavoured to
 create an object, and, to tell you of one
 in particular, it is but a minute ago that
 I reached Turin, where you were impa-
 tiently waiting for my arrival. You all
 ran down stairs on hearing the rattle of
 my wheels and the claps of the postillion's
 whip. Six arms were extended to help
 me out of the chaise. One of you em-
 braced me, one squeezed my hand, one
 was ready to cry for joy. Welcome, wel-
 come, how do you do?

Had the illusion lasted, tediousness
 had kept at a distance. But my powers
 proved too weak, and it vanished away
 as soon as form'd. A beam crack'd, or
 a sailer swore, or a wave dash'd against
 the stern, and farewell illusion! There
 is no possibility on board a packet to
 build

build a castle in the air that is worth
 esteeming! I put myself often in the po-
 stance of Guido's famous Magdalen, my
 left elbow on my left knee, the knuckles
 of my left hand under my chin, and my
 eyes half shut. An excellent posture for
 the purpose of building the amplest castle,
 with good solid walls, lofty turrets, and
 elevated battlements. But the funda-
 mental brick is scarcely laid, that it is
 displaced by some unwelcome violence.
 When I was a boy it was one of my chief
 delights to stand watching a pretty circle
 which I had form'd on the smooth sur-
 face of a pond by throwing a small
 pebble into it. But my school-fellows,
 mischief-making urchins, who presently
 snook'd me at my usual diversion, would
 pick up any thing that lay before them
 and sling it into the pond. My poor
 harmless circle was thus incessantly de-
 stroy'd by a thousand others, broken,
 confused, and undistinguishable! Here
 is a smile for you! And have I not stolen
 blind it

it from some English poet: I think
I have; but cannot recollect from
whom.

A fellow calls me to breakfast. When
it is over I will beg a tune on the bag-
pipe of my good surgeon: then we will
read a while; and then come down to
scribble again.

LETTER XIII.

*A Bonito and the Flying Fish. See Haydel.
Machinery in Epick Poems.*

I saw a thing just now that I had never
seen before. A fish full five spans
from head to tail. The sailors hook'd it
in. They call it *Bonito*; a Spanish word
that means *middling good*. I am to have
my share of it at dinner by way of en-
couragement to eat, for the Captain
swears I eat nothing: but this is to be
understood only when I am sea-sick, or,
when

when I aim well, I perform my duty as bravely as any man in the packet.

The hook with which the Bonito was caught, is near as big as my little finger, and the bait was a bit of rag wrapp'd round it, with the addition of two feathers clapp'd upon it in such a manner as awkwardly to resemble the *Flying-fish*, which Bonitos consider as a tit-bit. No creature but a silly fish could ever mistake a bit of rag for a dainty morsel.

The *Flying-fish* is about the size of a herring. Its fins are much larger in proportion than those of any other fish, and stand in the stead of wings. I have seen thousands of them to-day that darted out of the water, and flew, or rather flutter'd along in a straight line, the distance of two or three ships' length, then dropp'd down in their natural element.

I have never before seen a *Flying-fish*, nor a Bonito. So here are two new ideas fairly added to my stock. I am glad of

the

the addition though but small. Who knows but one day or other they may turn to good account? To point a moral, for instance, in speaking of some conqueror or some attorney? To bring about a new comparison between a poor hest and some agent in Devonshire? We have never knowledge enough: we must always endeavour to heap up as much of it as we can. Every thing has its use upon occasion, and the poorest trifle will unexpectedly be of service in speech or in writing, in prose or in poetry. The Bonito will come upon table within an hour: but I would rather it was an anchovy, and be with you to eat it. I should like it better than the biggest inhabitant of the ocean in this packet. An awkward thing it is to go by sea! And yet I ought to be ashamed to say so, considering what a short voyage I am going. Lisbon must be looked upon as next door to Falmouth when we think of the voyages of some Englishmen, Dutchmen, French-

Frenchmen, Spaniards, and other people. But I am a traveller like Ulysses, who went a while up and down the Mediterranean, and made as great a pothor about it as if he had gone from Ithaca to Japan by Terra del Fuego, and back again another way. Fifty thousand people, nay, fifty hundred thousand, who were neither kings nor heroes, have gone twenty times as far, and no Mæonian bard dreamed of composing epic poems upon any of them. The only epic poem that ever was written since that of Homer to celebrate a man who had gone a long voyage, was the performance of a Spaniard. I must tell you the story to lengthen my letter.

This Spaniard (Erçilla was his name) perfectly aware that no modern bard would ever trouble his head about any man who went a few thousand miles by water, having been so far as Peru, (if I mistake not) resolved to be himself his own Homer.

In consequence of this resolution, he sat down to his desk; and after having invoked Apollo and the Muses, rhymed a long epic poem, of which his voyage was the subject, and himself the principal Hero.

After this example I have a mind to write the *Oliſſepſey*, or an epic account of my voyage from Falmouth to (a) Oliſipo, alias Liſbon. As for a hero, I am not at all afraid of wanting one of the very firſt magnitude; and as for ſubaltern characters my good ſurgeon is ready at hand for an Achilles, Mr. Bawn for a Hector, and Mr. Oak for a Diomedes, an Ajax, a Neſtor, or any thing. The cabbin-boy himſelf might be made good uſe of for a Patroclus, an Automedon, or a Calchas.

But without machinery an epic poem is not worth a farthing; and how ſhall

I con-

(a) That Liſbon was once called OLISIPO appears from an ancient inſcription. It was alſo called ULYSSIPONA, ULYSSIPONA, and FELICITAS JULIA.

I contrive it. In times of yore machinery was always ready. Jupiter, Juno, Venus, Minerva, Neptune, Mars, and other celestial, were kind enough to fly to the assistance of a distressed poet. Strange beings besides, that were half girls and half fish, were to be met almost on any voyage, and they would sing airs and duos by the side of the ship, and play a thousand gambols on the water. Ulysses himself met with some of them in the gulph of Naples, and an archbishop, who was a kind of a Greek poet in French prose, has informed us that Telemachus, the eldest son of Ulysses, met once a very fine lady sitting in state on an enormous shell of an oyster, and rambling at a great distance from the shore round the island of Cyprus or Crete (I forget which) with a whole orchestra of fiddlers and pipers, some swimming along by the help of their tails, some sitting upon dolphins and sharks, and some riding upon crabs and lobsters.

This indeed was fine machinery. But, alas, it is all forestalled! and should I make use of it, there is no puny Critic amongst the puny reviewers of England, but what would call me a plagiarist!

The good times for machinery are over, and now instead of Syrens and Tritons we meet in our voyages with nothing else but a Bonito and a Flying-fish; and surely neither the Flying-fish nor the Bonito can be made use of in this critical age by way of machinery.

I must therefore drop the scheme of the *Olispaffey*, as I have not invention enough to overcome this difficulty: and instead of lamenting that neither Syren nor Triton will come to sing *Care lucet*, or pipe upon their shells about this packer, I must endeavour to be pleased when my honest Scotchman presses the bellows of his bag-pipe with his elbow.

LET-

LETTER XIV.

Life led in a Packet. The beneficial effects of a dinner. Several thousand reis are no riches.

King-George-Packet, Aug. 27. towards evening.

I Ought not to mention the Bonito again. You must have had enough of it. Yet the conveniency of beginning a new letter without taking the trouble of thinking about a pretty exordium, makes me tell you, that Bonito is a very improper name for such a fish; because, instead of being but *middling good*, it is in fact *exceedingly good*.

But what shall I say next? I will acquaint you with the tenour of life in this packet.

You know already that in the morning I get up, sometimes sooner, sometimes later. You know likewise that when I am up, either I do something or I do nothing; read, or read not; write, or write not: and you can guess that about eight

I breakfast *Anglicè* upon tea and toast, or bread and butter: this custom however I intend to break myself of; and as soon as I am in Portugal I propose to reassume that of falling early upon grapes, figs, and melons, in order to qualify myself again for my native country, that I may not be a foreigner at home.

The time between breakfast and dinner I fill up as well as I can. My book and my quill *relais sans dire*. Sometimes I walk; and the deck is long enough for it, as it is exactly thirty-three of my steps and a shoe over. Yet this exercise proves often inconvenient, as I am not used to move like a crab, leaning on one side, in order to adapt my body to the inclination of the packet, which hangs often on the larboard or the starboard side, according as the wind blows. Therefore, when I cannot walk, or am tired of it as well as of reading and writing, I sit idle.

As for confabulation I have not much of it. The surgeon is far from being talkative.

talkative. The Captain and Mr. Oak
mind the altitude and the latitude, so
that, when we have got some intelligence
about each other's health in the morn-
ing, praised the weather at noon, and
heard how many knots we go towards
evening, there is almost an end of our
converse.

But dinner comes upon table. And
here let me tell you that I need none of
your pity, as our dinner is always so
ample that it would suffice a dozen friars
after the most rigid fast.

This indeed is the very best hour of
all the four and twenty, and the only one
that deserves to be painted with pretty
butter-fly wings like the handiomeſt of
those three which have been introduced
by Raphael in his wedding of Cupid and
Psyche, perhaps to give a hint that a
wedding-dinner ought to last three hours.

But do you get new bread every day?

Yes, here is a baker on board, Madam,
that makes it.

But your meat is salted
 Not at all, Madam, excepting the
 beef. The mutton is fresh, because we
 have live sheep on board. We have also
 a pretty grunting pig, and so many cages
 full of poultry, as would last us two
 months and more, if we were to be two
 months at sea.

No child in England would want such
 details; but our land-locked Ladies on
 the other side the Alps must be told the
 minutest particulars; and I will always
 submit to any drudgery to give their cu-
 riosity most ample satisfaction.

By this account you see how well we
 employ the dining hour. With that hour
 some speculatists have found great fault,
 and bitterly bemoaned the necessity men
 are under of eating their dinners. If men,
 said one of them, were freed from that
 necessity, and of course not obliged to
 contrive how to provide themselves with
 victuals, which takes up almost all their
 time, they would undeniably have more

leisure

leisure

leisure for the cultivation of their understandings, for attending to sciences and arts, to manufactures and commerce.

But, gentlemen, if I may dare to speak my mind amongst you, let me say that just the contrary would happen. If we were not forced to think after the means

of filling our bellies, would we not one and all sink into idleness? Why do the

learned make books, lawyers defend pro-

perty, physicians feel the pulse, astro-

nomers gaze at the Zodiac, husbandmen

plow, masons build, tailors sew, and

soldiers fight, but for the sake of procur-

ing a dinner? Strike off this necessity,

and there is an end of every thing good,

desirable, and laudable. The more I think

on it, the more I say with the Berga-

masco (you remember that ballad-singer)

whose song always ended with the bur-

then: *Tuto tuto in questo mondo*

Che se fade bel e de bon,

Li è per un piatto de Macaron.

How-

However, be this as it will, our dinner here is seldom protracted beyond an hour. The Captain, Mr. Oak, the Surgeon, and myself, are sober men, and commonly make an end of it as soon as the second bottle is over. Then I walk or sit, or read, or write, or listen to the bag-pipe, until the sun goes down, and leaves me at liberty to look a while at the greater or lesser bear. Towards nine I call for a bucket and a glass of Madeira, and then go to bed.

This is the story *à peu près* of every day; nor can any of you, as I conceive, find the least fault with such a regular and innocent manner of spending time.

But you go to bed, you say: and pray, what sort of bed have you got?

My bed is a thing placed in a dark closet, and clapped betwixt two planks, as one may say: so that it looks something like a trunk without a lid. *Couch* might possibly be a fitter name for it than *Bed*.

But

But here I would not have you think that I have my meat and drink with this bed, merely because I have a plain unmeaning face. You would be mistaken if you should suppose it. Besides the four guineas I paid the king at Falmouth for the permission to embark in a packet of his, on my arrival in *Portugal* (as the sailors say) I am to pay the Captain twenty three thousand reis.

What a frightful sum! And how rich must he be who can pay off so many thousand!

Do not let imagination carry you too far. Twenty three thousand reis make no more than five moidores; so that, if the voyage and my present appetite last long, Captain Bawn will be half undone. Besides that to make sure of a short voyage I would willingly submit to pay him some thousand reis more. Be it short or long, it is quite plain that I must be a gainer by the bargain.

LET-

LETTER XV.

Beauty of a night at sea. Three Ships pursuing.

King George-Packet, Aug. 28, 1760.

LAST night the motion of the packet was very violent and very disagreeable. But so much the better, because we also went at a greater rate than usual. Finding it impossible to sleep in that motion, I crawled off my couch a little after midnight and went upon deck, where I employ'd both my eyes in looking at the packet, at the foaming billows, at both the bears, and at the other heavenly lights over-head. All these objects put together, form a spectacle by moon-light which is really glorious. The packet itself (which is certainly less than nothing when the eye of the mind compares it with the ocean and the heavens) the packet, I say, in the

bodily

bodily eye of such a poor narrow-minded mortal as I am, makes a magnificent figure on the waves, adds much to that glorious spectacle, and challenges a very considerable share of admiration.

It was between two and three this morning when a little roguish fellow who stood on the mast-head, descried three sails which he took to be in full chase of us.

As the uniform tenour of my present life leaves me a constant prey to tediousness, I think I felt some little tickling pleasure on the sudden hearing of the usual cry *a sail, a sail*: and I am really of opinion that in my irksome situation it would not displease me much to have a dozen bullets interchanged with an enemy in what they call a running fight.

Mr. Oak was then upon deck, and the Captain was soon call'd; nor did the Surgeon stay long before he came too. It was not long before we all could distinctly see three clouds of canvass that were

were driven towards us. The Captain soon concluded they were three men of war, and swore that they were English. However, not chusing to venture a parley for fear of mistake, we crowded instantly as much sail as the packet could bear, and slipped away in spite of all the efforts we supposed they made to overtake us. The chase lasted full four hours, and when Mr. Oak saw them give up the point, was quite positive they had known us by the swiftness of our sailing, and that they are a part of Commodore Edgecombe's squadron.

This little adventure, and some distant possibility of a pretty combat, raised my spirits so well, that I chose to stay upon deck till dinner, which was not performed in silence, as we had all something to say about the three sails; a subject that was not exhausted till we could talk of *Cape Finisterre*, of which about four in the afternoon, we had a confused fight.

I was

I was much comforted to hear that if the wind holds but two days longer, we shall be at Lisbon on Sunday, as it is but three hundred miles off. This is good news, considering how tired I am with my voyage, though it has to this hour been as prosperous as we could wish, excepting the calm on the second day.

LETTER XVI.

A hole in the Cabbin why and what for.

King George Packet, Aug. 29. 1754.

IN the midst of the great cabbin I took notice to day of a square bit of a plank, which is moveable. I asked the Surgeon about it, and this is the substance of the information that I got with regard to a hole which is covered with that moveable plank.

Almost every week a packet sails from Falmouth to Lisbon with only the mail that is sent from London. Mails are not heavy cargoes: but when a packet sails

back

back to England, besides the returning mail, it has that hole filled with so many bags of Portugal-coin, as often amount from thirty to fifty and even sixty thousand pounds sterling. A round sum when we look into the almanack, and find that every year has two and fifty weeks.

Those bags are delivered to the Captains of the packets by the English merchants at Lisbon, and put by the Captain into the hole in the great cabin; and it has happened some weeks, that the bags proved so numerous as partly to obstruct the usual celerity of their sailing. And this was the case once, that a packet called the *Prince Frederic* was actually taken by a Barbary Pirate, with no less than eighty thousand pounds sterling in the hole.

You may now guess why we are not afraid of pursuers. No vessel is turned into a packet but what is a prime sailer, and all possible care is also taken both at Falmouth and Lisbon to cleane them so

well before they put to sea, that they swim along like dolphins.

I need not tell you that the Portuguese (considering King and people together) are very rich in gold and jewels. Their riches however are not the product of Portugal, but of their ultramarine settlements: and I have often heard it affirm'd with confidence, that from Brasil alone they draw yearly above two millions sterling. As to Portugal itself, its products are but scanty and its manufactures inconsiderable. The only things that it yields in very great plenty, are oranges, lemons, and wine. Of these the English buy up large quantities; but still the balance of trade rises high in their favour, as the Portuguese get from them many articles both for home and for their settlements abroad. Therefore the surplus due to England is paid by Portugal in gold; and this gold goes every week into the holes in the cabin.

See how the things of this world are
equipoised ! The Portuguese want the
conveniencies which the English have the
industry to make, and the English want
the gold which the Portuguese draw from
the Brasils ; and thus both nations do
each other's business.

The French and the Dutch have long
fought to gain from the English a com-
merce so beneficial. But I have a notion
their schemes will hardly ever take, for
two reasons. The one is, that the Eng-
lish are much stronger at sea than both
the French and Dutch together ; and
there is something in superior strength,
that will carry any point amongst nations
as well as amongst individuals. The
other reason is, that neither the Dutch
nor the French could buy from the Por-
tuguese those large quantities of fruit
and wine which the English take in part
of payment for what they furnish. Sup-
pose even the Portuguese should be willing
to have the greatest part of what they

want either from the French or the Dutch rather than from the English, the English would presently make them change their mind, even without going to war for it. They have but to provide themselves with wine and fruit from some other country, and the Portuguese are half undone.

It is therefore most probable, that the commerce of Portugal will not be lost to England as long as its inhabitants are fond of the bowl and the bottle, even on the supposition that the French naval force should increase and the English decrease, which, as far as human foresight can go, will not be the case to-morrow. The English are in a fair way to come off quite victorious this war: and if they do, what power for centuries to come will dare to control their will on the ocean, and what ship sail to Portugal or any where else but by their permission?

LETTER XVII.

Vain wishes or castle-building. Study hard.

Pronunciation how attained. The Rock, the Rock.

King-George Packet, Aug. 30, 1769.

LISTEN with attention to every thing you hear in the short space of a day, and I am widely mistaken if you do not find that there is no man living but who wishes every day of his life for something quite impossible for him ever to obtain. Every man living is thoroughly persuaded that vain wishes are no less ridiculous than absurd; and yet do but stretch your hand, and you will certainly touch a mortal who secretly wishes to be possess'd of such opulence as Ctesus never had, of such power as Kulikan had been ashamed to claim; or of such beauty as Circassia could never produce.

I will

I will not set about to enquire whether this universal proneness to wish for impossibilities is a lamentable depravation of our minds, or a quality designedly given us by nature for very good purposes. Be this as it will, I will take the liberty to advise my friends never to suffer long such extravagant wanderings of their imaginations: for, besides that the character of an ethereal brick-layer is absurd and ridiculous, a man who does not get the habit of checking his thoughts when they run wild about, will insensibly lose much of that activity which his circumstances in life may possibly require. By mere wishing nothing is gotten: but by a vigorous and unremitted use even of indifferent abilities, it is very near certain that many things may be obtained very well worth a man's wishing.

I was led into this train of thinking by overhearing one of the sailors with just now, that he could speak the language in which I was addressing my good
 friend I
 H 3
 surgeon.

surgeon. This put me in mind of Sir
 Arthur and Sir Marmaduke, two worthy
 knights of my acquaintance, one of whom
 with'd often in my hearing that he knew
 Latin, and the other Greek. But, dear
 knights said I to them, instead of re-
 peating your wishes for these ten years
 past, as you have done, why did you not
 lay violent hands upon the Port-Royal
 Grammars, or any book that might have
 been conducive to that end which you
 seem to think would have made you both
 prodigiously happy?
 An language is not like the heart of a
 maiden, of which the possession some-
 times depends on us, and sometimes not.
 A man really desirous to know a lan-
 guage, be it Latin or Greek, Arabic or
 Ethiopic, will certainly make himself
 master of it, if he will but sit down and
 do what I am actually doing.
 And what are you actually doing?
 I am studying Portuguese like a dragon,
 and am about it three or four hours every
 day.

day. A fortnight or three weeks before I left London I did very near the same; and all along the road from Plymouth to Falmouth never did I cease in my chaise to peep into a Portuguese book; so that if I do not understand the very pilot who shall steer us up the Tagus to Lisbon, I will think myself such a knight as Sir Arthur or Sir Marmaduke.

But, brothers, I see you laugh. What do you laugh at?

We laugh at your boast, Sir.

Tout doucement, Mesdames, as people will often say in France. To learn a language in a month I think impossible as well as you. But as to the enabling myself to understand the pilot in a month, you will recollect that I have known the Spanish tongue these five and twenty years, and that the Portuguese is but a dialect of the Spanish; nor do I think that it differs quite so much from it as the dialect of Venice does from the language of Tuscany. Then, I intend not

to be a critic in the Lusitanic and master
all its niceties and prettinesses. I want
no more of it than will decently help
me on while I stay in Portugal; and so
you see that my confidence as to the pi-
lot, is not quite so ill-grounded as you
thought.

I will not let this opportunity slip of
telling you, that there is an infallible
way to give your little son a facility of
pronouncing any language, if you intend
to make him learn more than one. Lend
me your ear, and I will tell you how this
may be done.

Our people of rank at Turin have got
a notion, that their children must never
be suffered to speak any Piedmontese but
what is spoken in the metropolis; and
in consequence of this notion they keep
a strict watch upon the poor little things
for fear they should catch the clownish
accent on the opposite side of the Po.

This practice is wrong, and I wish you
may never adopt it. Let the boy learn
the

the polite speech of his town; but be not afraid to let him learn likewise that of the peasants: nay, encourage him to mimick their talk. By making him learn two speeches instead of one, you will enable him to articulate more sounds than by his learning only one. And if it is in your power, I would even have you shift him from place to place while his organs of speech are yet tender and pliant, and bring him to mimick any uncouth speech of Piedmont or Monferrat. Take him likewise frequently to the play, and make him mind the different Italian dialects spoken by the Dramatis Personæ, and repeat as much of their nonsense as it is possible. Nothing will ever spoil his polite Piedmontese when he hears it constantly spoke at home; and yet numberless are the sounds that he will certainly enable himself to form, if you will but put him thus in the way.

Many Italians are to be found in Paris and in London, who in a very little time

speak

speak French and English with such a
 right pronounciation as to be mistaken
 for natives. The reason is, that Italy
 abounds more with different dialects than
 any other country of the same dimension,
 and that few are its inhabitants but what
 know more than one, either by moving
 from place to place, or by going to those
 plays in which every interlocutor speaks
 the dialect of his own town.

On the other hand you do not meet
 with a French gentleman in a hundred
 able to pronounce a foreign language
 right, not even when he has studied it a
 great while, and when he can speak it
 with purity of phraseology and gram-
 matical correctness. No other reason can
 be assigned for this, but that in his in-
 fancy his Mamma was terrified when she
 caught him in the abominable act of ut-
 tering any sound that border'd on the
poissard or the *badaut*, and reprimanded
 him with such severity as if he had com-
 mitted a great crime. He was thus
 brought

brought up with an untractable tongue
 what never will utter any sound but what
 is genuine Gallic.

But, Sir, come upon deck, and you
 will see the Rock. The Rock I suspect
 to be some part of the Portugal coast;
 and so farewell in haste.

LETTER XVIII.

Navigation ended. Batiste and Kelly.

Plunge or pay. Banks of the Tagus.

Lisbon, Aug. 30, 1760. about midnight.

LO O K at the date, and give me joy.
 We landed this evening about eight
 o'clock. I was very glad to be rid of my
 floating habitation; yet sorry to leave the
 Captain, the Lieutenant, and my good
 Surgeon. They have treated me with
 kindness and civility, for which I shall
 remember them as long as I live.

Well; I am landed; and there is an
 end of navigation. But I thought it very
 odd that when first on shore I could not
 stand

stand upon my legs, but tottered to the right and the left, as if my blood had been in an undulating motion. This difficulty of standing and walking with a steady foot was not the effect of any giddiness. I cannot tell what it was, but it seem'd as if the ground had moved like a ship: yet in the ship I could stand or walk very well, and, as I thought, without tottering. Thus unable when I landed to make use of my legs, I was obliged to hire a man who handed me for about a mile to a coffee-house. The odd motion of my blood subsided by degrees as I went on, and in less than two hours I was again like myself. From the coffee-house I sent my helper to enquire after one *Batiste*, a faithful French servant I had formerly in London. He was presently found out, and hearing of my unexpected arrival, rose hastily from supper and came to me quite out of breath with running, his countenance full of joy and surprise.

This

This *Barista* took me to one *Kelly*, an
old Irishman who keeps a kind of an inn
on the summit of a hill called *Buena
Aires*. It was quite fatigued when we
reached it. Here I have taken up my
quarters for the time I shall stay in *Lis-
bon*; and now let me come to the con-
clusion of my voyage.

It was about ten in the morning when
four people had a full view of the *Rock of
Lisbon*; that is, of a very high promon-
tory on the left hand as you enter the
Tagus, and at no great distance from the
mouth of it.

That promontory looks perfectly bar-
ren, and has the appearance of a huge
heap of rugged stones. Yet I am told
that up and down it, there are many fine
spots; that in the lower parts it is em-
bellished with vineyards; that in several
places it is covered with trees; and that
it has even some flats where sheep and
cattle are grazing.

I am

This

I am told further that on the utmost top of it, there is a convent cut into the rock itself, called the *Cork-convent* by the sailors, because the friars there have most of their utensils and furniture made of cork, as the place is so damp, that they cannot have them of any other material. In short so many curious things were told me about that rock and about the situation and form of that convent, that I have some desire to go and see it. But we will think of this another time. Let us for the present go on with the interesting story of this day.

When the Rock was full in view I was called upon deck. There a sailor stood up to me, and informed me with a civil saucy face, that it was the sailor's custom to duck in the sea any body who saw the rock for the first time: and as that happened to be my case, he humbly desired my compliance with that custom by stripping immediately, except I rather chose

chose to be duck'd with my cloaths on my back.

This unexpected address did not startle me much, as it occur'd directly, that this was nothing more than a harmless scheme to get a little drink-money. However, to encrease the humour of it, I made myself as serious as an old bear, and speaking slow and loud that I might be heard from deck to deck, "Sir, said
 "I, you, and your companions are well-
 "come to drown me, if you think it
 "proper; you know, Sir, that I cannot
 "be so ridiculous as to attempt the least
 "resistance against a body of men who
 "would drown an army of Frenchmen;
 "if justly provoked. As to the ceremony,
 "I certainly should have no objection;
 "were the ocean an ocean of Dorehester-
 "beer or London-porter: yet as it hap-
 "pens that it is made of a liquor I always
 "had an unconquerable abhorrence of,
 "I would rather compound the matter;
 "and if any body else, you yourself for

"instance,

“instance, should be so generous as to
 “be duck’d or drown’d in my stead, I
 “would endeavour to convince you and
 “this honourable company that my pre-
 “dominant vice is not ingratitude.”

Sir,” replied Jack, “give me your
 “hand for that, you are a Gentleman;
 “and, Sir, if I can be of service (and
 “here he swore a pretty oath) you are
 “welcome; and I don’t care (another
 “oath) if I am ever so well duck’d for the
 “sake of a gentleman.”

To make short, he stripp’d to the trow-
 fers in an instant. His companions put
 him in a wooden frame that went round
 his breast under the arm-pits. The frame
 was tied to a pulley; the pulley fastened
 to the extremity of a beam which lay
 across the mast-head; some of them drew
 him up, then let go the rope; and plump
 went the rascal into the middle of a wave
 from a height of at least five and twenty
 feet. The plunge was repeated several
 times

times in spite of his cries, to the no small diversion of the company.

The fellow being taken out of the frame, came up to me again, and wet as he was wanted to clasp me into his arms as a brother sailor, now that I had duely seen the Rock; but a piece of money rescued me from his embraces.

As we approached the mouth of the Tagus a signal was made to a fisherman to come to us and be our pilot: not that we stood in need of any, as our people knew the river quite as well as any Portuguese. But the Captains of packets must comply with their instructions, by which they are ordered not to enter the Tagus without a Portuguese pilot. The fellow we got is a mulatto so very like a monkey, that his dirty hat and tatter'd cloaths could hardly make me think him a human being. He came to us directly and leapt on board from his boat; and as we went over the bar, to shew his skill in conducting ships, he made a thou-

and strange faces and contortions, beckoning (with his lips pouting instead of using words) to some of our sailors in his boat, to row this way and that way, that we might follow with safety.

Going thus up the river I viewed the shore on the left hand of us. There are several fortifications from place to place, besides numberless buildings. We stopped a moment opposite a tower built in the river, to hear what a fellow there had to say to us through a speaking trumpet. That tower is fortified and looks handsome at some distance. Having answer'd with a loud voice some few questions ask'd from thence, and told what the ship was, we continued our way up and presently saw the royal village of Bellem, where I am told that the King has resided ever since the earthquake.

In the neighbourhood of a town lately destroy'd I did not think I should see such a vast number of edifices as there are: but the Surgeon told me that the earthquake

quake vented itself chiefly upon Lisbon, and caused little damage from Bellem down to the sea. It would have been a vast addition to the calamity Lisbon has suffer'd had so many buildings been destroy'd, to the utter ruin of the many thousands who live along that shore. Those buildings, some of which appear to be of a noble construction, are all white on the outside, with lattices and window-shutters painted green, which have a fine effect from the river. Many of the houses have gardens and terrasses ornamented with vases, statues, turrets, and obelisks; and withal so many trees round them, that the *coup d'oeil* is render'd one of the grandest and most picturesque. Nothing can equal it that ever I saw, except Genoa with its suburbs.

I imagine that all this proves much less striking when view'd near and walking along shore, because the sight cannot embrace so many objects at once, as it does from a distance, nor discriminate

the ugly parts: but the whole surveyed from the middle of the river looks like the work of some benevolent Negro-mancer.

The Tagus is about two miles broad at the mouth, but widens by degrees as you go up, and overagainst the town is nine or ten miles broad. Lisbon is about fifteen miles distant from the mouth: but as it was quite dark when I reach'd it, I did not see it. To-morrow my excursions will begin, and I hope, furnish matter for several letters.

Let me now cast my eyes round my new dwelling. I have four little rooms in a line on the ground floor; that is, almost the whole house, which is one of the many that have been built since the earthquake. For himself, wife, and children, my landlord Kelly has but two small rooms and a kitchen left. From one window he tells me that to-morrow I shall see the river full of ships, and have other fine prospects from the other windows.

LET-

LETTER XIX.

Pretty Polly's marriage. Bull-fight at Campo Pequeno. Lusitanian Pick-pockets. Dwarfish men and women.

Lisbon, Aug. 31, 1760.

TO-day was Sunday: and how do you think I have spent the afternoon? I will tell you by and by. Let me first say something of the morning. I got up about nine; and while I was busying myself about some luscious grapes, behold *Bariste* alighting from a fine Spanish horse, and a moment after his wife from a chaise drawn by two mules, and led by as fine a blackamoor as King Jarba in *Metastasio's* *Dido*. Ah! How do you do my little *Polly*? And abruptly kiss'd her in the face of the sun, perfectly forgetting that I was in Portugal, where women must not be kiss'd in the face of the sun. But one is so glad to see old friends!

It was in London where I first knew this Polly, a pretty and modest girl. Batiste left my service to follow her to Portugal, where she went to live with an old aunt who was to bequeath her all she had, and that *all* was no inconsiderable fortune for a girl who had nothing but a pretty face, and no inclination to hire it. The fellow was madly in love with her, and she had no aversion to him; but the aunt was somewhat cross, and would not have her marry just turned of fifteen. The earthquake rendered him her husband sooner than he expected, and in a manner so peculiarly uncommon, that I cannot forbear to relate it: nor do you tell me that it looks odd for a master to be the historian of his servant, because a good servant in my opinion is a hero, and full as valuable as any other human being.

Batiste had just walked out of the town on the morning when the earthquake happened. Seeing the houses tumble on

all

all sides, instead of stopping where he was, as some other *Innamorato* would probably have done, he ran precipitously back to the town and towards the house where his mistress liv'd, and had the incredible good luck of spying her on a heap of ruins where she had fallen in a fit while she was endeavouring her escape. Had he tarried but a few moments longer, she would have perished in the flames that broke out around her in a hundred places. Without staying to examine whether she were dead or alive, he threw her over his shoulders, and fortune befriended him so compleatly that he carried his burthen safe out of the town, though many buildings continued to fall about his ears, and though fire surrounded him on all sides.

The poor thing came to herself as they came out of the danger. They both looked at the immense desolation that was left behind, both scream'd, and wept, and did not know what to do. The

Houses still tumbled and the fire still broke out in every part, which made them think that the poor aunt was buried in the ruins. They grew impatient to be far from such immense misery, and immediately resolv'd to go back to England. Both had some little money about them; therefore, not well knowing what they were doing, they took the road to Spain. At *Badajoz*, *Madrid*, and other places they met with some charitable relief; but no great matter, it seems, for fifteen months after the earthquake they reached London in a most miserable plight.

When they came to me there, Polly had a girl in her arms about three months old; but they had married in France a little before the birth of the child, as I was convinced by their certificates. Polly, Polly, (said I, after having read them) and so you are married? What could I do? (answer'd she, blushing up to her eyes.) Sir, we were alone, and he swore

so much he would always be true! Here she cried and kissed her child; and I kiss'd her that she might not think me too severe a censurer.

I thought it a dream when they first made their appearance, as the old aunt had long before written word from Lisbon to some relation, that they had both perished in the earthquake. I told them this, and they apprised her by letter of the contrary. The poor old woman was transported with joy and thankfulness at the unexpected news, and insisted upon their going back to her, acquainting them that she had been lucky enough to save something out of her former fortune, and they complied with her desire. But she did not enjoy them long, for she died soon after their arrival, leaving them about a hundred moldores, which was all that she had. With this little stock Batisse turn'd out a Jack of all trades, and Polly took kindly to her needle. Thus I found them every day
more

more happy in each other and in their little girl; and as they are both industrious and laborious, I do not doubt but their circumstances will grow better and better.

Now, said I, what is the meaning of that chaise and that horse?

Sir, said Batiste, they are for you. You cannot go afoot about this town, except you chuse to be melted by the heat or killed by the fatigue of going up-hill and down-hill. You must have a chaise during the time you stay here, and I am to attend you on horseback.

Well, said I: you must know better what I am to do in Lisbon; and so we will have the chaise and the horse.

After dinner I got into the chaise, attended as above, and the Negro trotted to a place called *Campo Pequeno*, which is about four miles (perhaps five or six) from the town, where I was to see what they call the bull-feast or bull-hunting. But before I attempt to describe it, I
must

most premise that being just come from a country where the Lord's day is not openly profaned, I could not help being shock'd to see so many Christians, and especially so many Priests and Friars, present at such a diversion, which to me seem'd the most inhuman that ever could be invented by men, next the combats of the gladiators in ancient Rome.

At *Campo Pequeno* a wooden edifice has been erected for the only purpose of exhibiting these barbarous entertainments. The edifice is an octagonal amphitheatre consisting of two rows of boxes, one row over the other; and the diameter of its area is, as I take it, about two hundred common steps.

None of the boxes has the least decoration, except those of the royal family which are hung with silken stuff. The row above is for the better sort, and that of the ground-floor for the populace, who are likewise admitted into the area, though their danger is not small of being
gored

gored or trampled be the bulls, whose marches and evolutions I take to be quite as rapid as those of the Prussian troops.

In the box where I took my seat there were but three people besides myself, though the box could contain ten or twelve. Two of the three had the appearance of gentlemen; the other was a Dominican friar as lean as a lizzard.

Before the entertainment began I attempted some converse with them; but even the humble *Religioso* seem'd to look upon me with disdain and contempt. They all answered my first words with so churlish an air, that I gave over presently, and like them kept silent the whole time.

How I came to disgust them thus at once, I cannot guess: but by their frequent and affected glances upon my coat, which I held up at last to the Friar, not without some resentment, that he might inspect it nearer, I suspected that they conceived a very low opinion of me for not being dressed in silk like other gentlemen.

men. Yet it was not my fault, having not yet had time to do what I must do in this hot weather.

The king, whose box was not far from that in which I sat, was dressed in a plain sky-blue with some diamonds about him. He had with him his own brother the Infant Don Pedro, who has lately married the King's eldest daughter call'd the Princess of Brasil.

The Queen was in another box with that princess and her three other daughters, all sparkling with jewels.

In the area and just under the Queen's box there was a man on horseback; a kind of herald, I thought; dressed somewhat like one of our Neapolitan *Coriellors* in our plays, who held a long rod in his hand.

As the King came in, two triumphal cars very meanly adorned entered the area, each drawn by six mules. Eight black Africans were upon one, and eight copper-coloured Indians upon the other.

They

They made several caracoles round; then
 all leapt from the cars and bravely fought
 an obstinate battle with wooden swords
 one band against the other. The Indians
 were soon slain by the Africans, and lay
 extended a while on the ground, making
 their legs in the air as if in the last con-
 vulsions, and rolling in the dust before
 they were quite dead. Then, like Bayes's
 troops in the Rencardal, both the dead
 and the living went to mix with the
 crowd, while the cars drove away amidst
 the acclamations of the multitude, and
 made room for the two knights that were
 to fight the bulls.
 These knights came in, both on horse-
 back, dress'd after the ancient Spanish
 manner, made fine with many ribbons
 of various colours, with feathers on their
 hats, each brandishing a long and thin
 spear. Their horses were beautiful,
 mettlesome, and gallantly accoutred.
 One of the heroes was clad in crimson,
 the other in yellow. Both look'd very
 brisk,

brisk, and both paid their obeisance to the King, Queen, and people, making their horses kneel three times: then, clapping spurs, made them caper and vault a while round the area with a surprising dexterity.

When all this was over, the yellow champion placed himself over against the gate at which the bulls were to come out, and the crimson stood at some distance from him in the same direction.

A man from without open'd the gate, and cover'd himself with it by getting behind.

The bull bursts out and makes to the yellow knight, who stands ready to receive him with his spear lifted high. The bull's horns had wooden knobs on their tips, that they might not gore the horse if they should reach him. The courageous yellow-knight pushed his spear at the beast, left half of it in his neck, and made his horse start aside in a moment.

The wounded bull ran bellowing after him, but the knight wheeling round

and round stuck two or three more spears into his neck and shoulders. The bull's rage, as you may imagine, increased to a degree that impressed horror; and now the crimson knight had his turn, for the beast made at him, but got nothing by changing his attack, except some more spears into several parts of his body, so that his blood spouted out in several rills.

When the bull began to remit his fury by loss of blood, one of the champions drew a heavy broad-sword, and gave him such a cut on the back between the ribs, as almost cleft him to the middle. Down the poor beast fell with such roaring as I think was heard at Lisbon. Then the man in the *Coviello's* dress, seeing the final blow, galloped straight to the gate at which the triumphal cars had entered, and order'd in four mules which dragg'd the dying beast out of the amphitheatre, together with some of the populace who had got astride upon the bloody and mangled

mangled carcase. The applause of the spectators was very clamorous.

But I must not omit to say, that the two knights were not the only enemies the poor bull had to encounter. There were two other *Cavalleiros* on foot, holding fast the tails of the two horses, running as they ran, or stopping as they stopp'd, each shaking a red filken cloak to frighten or rather exasperate the bull, while some others, on foot likewise, flily wounded him with daggers in the side and buttocks.

The agility of these foot-champions is beyond all belief. When the furious beast made at any of them, they hopp'd aside and were out of danger. One of them seizing one of the bull's horns, suffer'd himself to be dragg'd a while before he would let go his hold; gave him several cuts with a knife while he was thus dragg'd; then let himself fall, got on his legs in an instant, and escaped. But a little negro did still a bolder thing.

Vol. I.

K

He

He stood full in the bull's way, while running with the utmost fury, and just as I thought he was going to be lifted on his horns, took a spring on the bull's back and jump'd clean over him.

Eighteen were the bulls slaughter'd in this feast or hunting, and each with some variety of wanton cruelty. Spears were stuck into some of them that carried squibs and crackers, whose fire and noise was more troublesome than the wound. One of the most fierce leapt over the barrier of a box just under mine, and I expected him to do some mischief; but the Portuguese are well aware of such accidents, and the people in that box were quick to quit their seats, some throwing themselves over the barrier into the area, and some over the partitions into the next boxes. The bull embarrassed in the benches was presently dispatched by many swords.

The last bull however was very near revenging all the rest upon the crimson-

knight and his horse. He ran them
 both down with a terrible shock; and
 had it not been for the knobs on his
 horns, the horse at least would have been
 sadly gored. Both the horse and the
 knight were within a hair of being
 trampled upon, when the other knight
 gave the bull a great cut across the neck,
 while all the fighters on foot thrust their
 daggers, some into his mouth and some
 into his eyes. The horse got up, ran
 frightened through the croud, and threw
 several of them down, while his unlucky
 rider, who was no great gainer by his
 tumble, stood cursing and swearing at
 the horse, at the bull, and at himself.

Thus ended the massacre of those noble
 animals: a massacre encouraged as long
 as it lasted by a most outrageous uproar,
 and concluded with a most thundering
 clap of universal approbation.

What effect these cruel spectacles (re-
 peated almost every Sunday, as I am
 told) may have upon the morals and re-

ligion of this people, better speculatists than myself may determine. To me indeed they appear most brutal and most unchristian. However, they have the sanction of the law of the country; and the government that permits and countenances them, may have reasons for so doing quite out of the reach of my intellects. Therefore, instead of yielding to the temptation of blaming what to me appears very blameable, let me go on with matter of fact, and relate an incident that suspended for about half an hour this horrible entertainment.

The seventh or eighth bull had been just slain and dragg'd out, and the man at the bull's-gate was going to let in another, when the people in the ground-floor-boxes, opposite to that where I was, rose at once one and all with the most hideous shrieks, leapt precipitously into the area, and ran about the place like madmen.

This

This sudden disorder terrified the assembly, and few were those who had any sang-froid left. All wanted to know what was the matter, but the noise of a cataract could not have been traced through the cries of such a multitude. The King and the Queen, the Princesses and Don Pedro raised their hands, fans, and voices, as I could see by the opening of their mouths, but it was a considerable while before a word could be heard about the cause of so violent a commotion. Yet at last the impatience of universal curiosity was satisfied, and a report went round that some people, where the uproar began, had cried out *Earthquake, Earthquake!*

In a country where people have still fresh in their minds the effects of an earthquake, it is no wonder if such a cry, that came at once from several quarters, proved terrifying; and if those who heard it, without giving themselves an instant to reflect, sprung over the barriers into the

and to escape being crushed by the fall of
the edifice.

However, the fact is that not the least
shock of an earthquake had been felt by
any body. The cry had been raised by
a gang of pick-pockets, in order to throw
the people into confusion, and gain an
opportunity of stealing. The scheme
took to a wonder. Many men lost their
handkerchiefs and many women their
caps, not to speak of swords and watches,
necklaces and ear-rings.

To frame such a scheme and to carry
it into execution so undauntedly as it was
carried, appears to me as valiant an at-
chievement as any of *Orlando's*. I used
often in London to admire the boldness
and intrepidity of the British pick-poc-
kets, and thought them the very cleverest
in the whole creation. But, away with
them! they must not pretend to attempt
competition with the heroical pick-
pockets of Lusitania.

It

It is needless to tell, that on being apprised of the true cause of that disorder, the whole assembly sat down again in quiet; that the greatest part, who had not been sufferers by it, laughed at the thievish ingenuity; and that a new bull was let loose in the area.

And here is the account concluded of the most important transactions of this afternoon. What follows is merely set down by way of memorandum for my private use, and not worth your reading.

I was told while at the amphitheatre, that one of the King's chariot-horses had lost a shoe; so that his Majesty was obliged to stop in the scorching sun until another horse was got ready, that he might proceed. I thought it very odd that a King should have servants so careless, and ask'd if he was put in a passion by it; but was answered that he laugh'd it out. A petty gentleman would have storm'd.

K 4

This

This country is one of the hottest in Europe; yet its inhabitants are not melted into slenderness. I never saw any where so many fat men in one place as I have seen to-day.

In Lisbon both men and women of the better sort seem to love gaudiness in dress. The Ladies, like those of Tuscany and other parts of Italy, wear many artificial flowers stuck in their hair. It is a pretty fashion. I saw several beautiful faces to-day, and many a pair of brilliant eyes.

Here, as in France and Italy, they have the absurd custom of dressing their children too much. I hate to see a little girl with a tupee, and a little sword at the side of a little boy. The English are not guilty of such folly. In England boys and girls, even when they are sons and daughters of Earls and Dukes, are never made to look like dwarfish men and dwarfish women: and this may be the reason, that England abounds less with fops and coquets than either France or Italy.

LET-

Turin

This country is one of the hottest in Europe. **LETTER XX.**
Effects of the Earthquake. A City not to be rebuilt in haste.

Lisbon, Sept. 1, 1769.

I Have now visited the ruins of Lisbon at full leisure, and a dreadful indelible image is now imprinted on my mind! But do not expect from me such a description of these ruins, as may even imperfectly convey that image to you. Such a scene of horrible desolation no words are equal to: no words at least that I could possibly put together; and it is ocular inspection only that can give an adequate idea of the calamity which this city has suffer'd from the ever-memorable earthquake.

As far as I can judge after having walk'd the whole morning and the whole afternoon about these ruins, so much of Lisbon has been destroy'd as would make a town more than twice as great as

Turin.

Turin. (4) In such a space nothing is to be seen but vast heaps of rubbish, out of which arise in numberless places the miserable remains of shatter'd walls and broken pillars.

Along a street which is full four miles in length, scarcely a building stood the shock: and I see by the materials in the rubbish, that many of the houses along that street must have been large and stately, and intermixed with noble churches and other public edifices: nay, by the quantities of marble scatter'd on every side, it plainly appears, that one fourth at least of that street was intirely built of marble.

The rage of the earthquake (if I may call it rage) seems to have turned chiefly against

(2) Turin, a fortified town in Piedmont, and the King of Sardinia's residence, is little more than a mile in length, taken from the Pa-gate to that of Susa, and not quite so much from the King's palace to the New-gate. Lisbon from the Alcantara-gate to the Slave's bagnio is (or was) about half a mile, and a mile and a half broad almost throughout.

against that long street, as almost every edifice on either side is in a manner levelled with the ground: whereas in other parts of the town many houses, churches, and other buildings are left standing; though all so cruelly shattered, as not to be repaired without great expence: Nor is there throughout the whole town a single building of any kind, but what wears visible marks of the horrible conclusion.

I cannot be regular in speaking of the various things that struck me to-day, but must note them down as well as my crowding thoughts will permit. My whole frame was shaking as I ascended this, and that heap of rubbish. Who knows, thought I, but I stand now directly over some mangled body that was suddenly buried under this heap! Some worthy man! Some beautiful woman! Some helpless infant! A whole family perhaps!—then I came in sight of a ruined

ruined church. Consider its walls giving way! The roof and cupola sinking at once, and crushing hundreds and thousands of all ages, of all ranks, of all conditions! This was a convent: this was a nunnery: this was a college: this an hospital! Reflect on whole communities lost in an instant! The dreadful idea comes round and round with irresistible intrusion.

As I was thus rambling over those ruins an aged woman seized me by the hand with some eagerness, and pointing to a place just by: Here stranger (said she) do you see this cellar? It was only my cellar once, but now it is my habitation, because I have none else left! My house tumbled as I was in it, and in this cellar was I shut by the ruins for nine whole days. I had perished with hunger, but for the grapes that I had hung to the ceiling. At the end of nine days I heard people over my head, who were searching

ing the rubbish, I cried as loud as I could; they removed the rubbish, and took me out.

I asked her what were her thoughts in that dismal situation; what her hopes, what her fears. Fears I had none, said she. I implored the assistance of St. Anthony, who was my protector ever since I was born. I expected my deliverance every moment, and was sure of it. But, alas! I did not know what I was praying for! it had been much better for me to die at once! I came out unhurt: but what signifies living a short while longer in sorrow and in want, and not a friend alive! My whole family perished! We were thirteen in all: and now—none but myself!

Hear of another deliverance no less uncommon. A gentleman was going in his calash along a kind of terrace, raised on the brink of an eminence which commands the whole town. The frighten'd mules leap'd down that eminence at the first

first shock. They and the rider were killed on the spot, and the calash broken to pieces, and yet the gentleman got off unhurt.

But there would be no end of relating the strange accidents that befel many on that dreadful day. Every body you meet has twenty to tell.

The King had two palaces in Lisbon, and they were both destroyed. Yet none of the royal family perished. They were just going from *Lisbon* to (a) *Bellém*, and just in a part of the road where there was no house nigh. Had they stayed a quarter of an hour longer in town, or reached *Bellém* a quarter of an hour sooner, they had probably perished, as the royal palace at *Bellém* was likewise nearly destroyed. King, Queen, Princesses, and all their attendants were obliged to encamp in a garden and in the neighbourhood.

(a) *Bellém* is a town or village about three miles from *Lisbon*; where the King and royal family pass the best part of the year.

neighbouring fields, and I well remember that the British Envoy who was there at that time, wrote over to his court, that five days after the earthquake he went to *Belém* to pay his respects to them, but that the queen had sent him word she could not receive him, as she was under a tent, and in no condition to be seen. I imagine what the misery of the people must have been when even the royal family suffered so much. Nor must I forget to mention the universal conflagration that followed the earthquake. You know that this misfortune fell out on All-Saint's day, at ten o'clock in the morning, that is, when all the kitchen-fires were lighted against dinner-time, and all the churches illuminated in honour of the day. The fires in the kitchens and the lights in the churches rolled against the combustible matters that could not fail to be in their way, and the ruined town was presently in a flame. *Lisbon* is furnished with water
By

by means of aqueducts; but the aqueducts were broken by the concussion; so that little or no water was at hand. Yet had it been ever so plentiful, still the town would not have escaped the conflagration, because (a) every body ran away to the fields and other open places; and thus more loss was caused by the fire than by the earthquake itself, as it consumed all that people had in their houses, which might in a good measure have been dug out of the ruins if it had not been consumed by that fire. What a spectacle for three hundred thousand people to see their homes burning all at once!

But is it not surprising, after such an earthquake and such a conflagration, to hear

(a) Mr. Clark says, that on the first shaking of the ground the people "throng'd into the churches." How could he believe those who told him this? He says also, that only "one fourth part" of Lisbon was destroyed by the earthquake. He would have seen that it was more than two thirds, if he had visited those ruins. I hope he will excuse my redressing a few more of his mistakes when I come to speak of Toledo and Madrid.

hear the Portuguese constantly repeat (and they have repeated it every day since) that their city is soon to be built over again, quite regular, quite fine, finer than ever it was, and all this to be effected in a little time? Indeed they give me no very high notion of their common sense when they abandon themselves so much to their fiery imaginations.

They say themselves that, upon a moderate computation, *Lisbon* contained four and twenty thousand houses. Of these no less than two thirds have been levelled to the ground, and the other third was left in no very good condition. However, waving the necessary repairs to that third, and considering only the two that are demolished, how is the rubbish of sixteen thousand houses to be removed, along with that of some hundred of large churches, two royal palaces, and many convents, nunneries, hospitals, and other public edifices? If half

the people that have escaped the earthquake, were to be employed in nothing else but in the removal of that immense rubbish, it is not very clear that they would be able to remove it in ten years. Then, where are the materials for rebuilding sixteen thousand houses and some hundred of other edifices? Many of those houses were four, five, six, and even seven stories high.

It is true, that the country round abounds with marble enough to build twenty Lisbons. But still, that marble must be cut out of the quarry, must be shaped, must be carried to town. And is all this to be done in a little time? and by people who have lost in the conflagration whatever tools they had?

But they will rebuild the town with bricks for the quicker dispatch. Yet the making millions of millions of bricks (even supposing the proper clay quite at hand) is not the work of a day. And kilns must be erected, and wood must

be

be got to burn them. But where is that wood, in which I am told the country is far from abounding? And where are the thousands of brick-makers to make those numberless millions of bricks? Yet give them brick-makers, clay, and wood as much as will suffice, where is the lime, the iron, and the other materials?

But where do they actually dwell? Some hundred thousands of people surely cannot live in the open air?

This question is soon answered. Many dwell in those houses that were left standing, and rendered habitable again by hasty repairs and by propping them on every side, and many more dwell in numerous wooden huts and cottages which they have hastily built round their ruined town. Clusters of those cottages and huts form various parts of the prospects commanded by my windows. I must add, that many of the poorest sort have shifted the rubbish here and there, have cleared many ground floor-rooms,

and many under-ground-cellars: and there they live, if not with convenience, at least under shelter. It is needless to say that thousands and thousands have migrated to other places.

However, the Portuguese have not been idle, and ever since the fatal day have been building apace. But what, besides the mentioned huts and cottages? What, but an Arsenal: and that so very large (as I am told) that there will be no edifice of that kind in the whole world to be compared to it when it is finished with the grand Portico adjoining to it, where merchants are to assemble at what they call *change-hours* in England.

This is almost the only considerable building that has been carried on in Lisbon ever since the earthquake; and I will not say, that instead of a magnificent fabrick it would have been better to build some score of good houses; nor will I remark that ships might for a while have been bought ready made, and

mercantile business transacted at least for a few years in an humbler place than the grand Portico; but I cannot help saying, that if I were allowed to wish in favour of the poor inhabitants of Lisbon, I would rather see one of their old streets rebuilt, than the grandest Arsenal: rather some few store-houses to secure merchandizes, than a great Portico for their owners to confabulate under. But the people, for whom I could form such wishes, seem to have another way of thinking, and who knows but as soon as that wonderful Arsenal is completed they set about to rebuild their inquisition, their cathedral, or some stupendous convent?

It seems the prevailing opinion amongst the Portuguese, that the numbers lost in the ruins of this town, amounted to more than ninety thousand. But suppose they exaggerate by two thirds, as the unhappy are apt to do, still a number re-

mains that makes the blood run cold at the thought of it.

Nor is Lisbon the only place in Portugal that has undergone this woeful visitation. I am told that other towns have suffer'd still more in proportion. One in particular called *Setúbal* was so perfectly destroyed that not one person escaped.

But I will quit this subject. It fills one with sadness to no manner of purpose.

LETTER XXI.

The laying of a fundamental stone. A patriarchal pomp. Pied-horses.

Lisbon, Sept. 31. 1760.

I Have seen the king of Portugal and his whole court in great gala, this being a memorable anniversary, as his Majesty this day three years narrowly escaped being treacherously murdered by the Duke d'Aveiro and his associates.

That

That was a bloody transaction, and no less incomprehensible than bloody. It is not easily conceived that the Duke should be prompted and solicited to take away his Sovereign's life by many relations and friends, and by the whole body of the Portuguese jesuits: that so execrable a conspiracy should require the concurrence of many, when at last it was to be executed by a few: that the dreadful secret should be entrusted with men and women, masters and servants, ecclesiastics and laymen, and not one out of some hundred should be tempted by hope, impelled by terror, or induced by a better motive to discover it in time: that such a secret should so faithfully be kept by the whole gang of the conspirators as not even to be suspected by so wary and suspicious a government! all this is quite incomprehensible. But let us come to the gala.

In that village called *Bellem*, already named, a wooden edifice has been erected, within these few days upon the very spot

where his Majesty was fired at by the murderers.

This edifice is eighty of my steps in length and five and twenty broad. The inside of it was hung with a kind of red serge striped and fringed with a tinsel-lace. In the middle of it was placed an altar gloriously adorned. Facing the altar there were two pews, one for the King and the other for the Queen, besides a smaller for *Don Bastian Joseph de Carvalho* secretary of State. Under the Queen's pew there was a kind of throne for *Cardinal Saldanha* the patriarch. The remainder of the place was occupied pell-mell by the nobility of the kingdom, foreign ministers, and all strangers well dress'd. The patriarch's attendants however, as well as the musicians, had some benches to themselves.

As the day proved inexpressibly hot, the doors and windows of the edifice were kept open during the ceremony, so that the numberless spectators from without

about enjoyed it near as well as those within.

About nine o'clock Secretary *Carvalho* made his appearance preceded by many gentlemen, many servants, a drummer, and a trumpeter, all on horseback. He was alone in a coach drawn by six grey horses, attended by two grooms on foot, one on each side of the coach, and by five and twenty of the King's horse-guards.

He had scarcely alighted and got to his pew, when behold the patriarch! Excepting the Pope, there is no ecclesiastic in the world that is ever surrounded with so great a pomp as this patriarch. But his revenue, they say, amounts to thirty thousand pounds sterling, and so he may well afford it.

Two coaches full of priests began the march. Then followed fifty of his Eminence's servants walking two and two in blue liveries trimm'd with a crimson silk-lace, all uncover'd, all well powder'd,

and

and all wearing large cloaks that reached the ground. A priest on horseback went before them holding up a silver cross fix'd on the top of a stick silver'd over. Then followed seven coaches. The two first were occupied by his Eminence's ecclesiastical officers. In the third was the Patriarch himself with his master of the ceremonies who kept his back to the horses. Two priests walked on foot, one on this side of the coach and the other on the other. Each bore in his hand an umbrella of crimson-velvet, fring'd round with gold. They were both so tall, that they put me in mind of *Don Fracassa* and *Don Tempesta* in the poem of *Ricciardetto*. The coach of the Patriarch both within and without was lined with blue velvet, gilt and painted very much and very well. Then followed his state-coach empty, so rich and so fine that Queen Semiramis would not have thought it unworthy of herself. Then three more coaches full again of officers; I mean ecclesiastics all,

even

even some of the fifty that walk'd in procession. Each of the four first coaches was drawn by six pied-horses; that is, horses streak'd with black and white, which, it seems, are not so uncommon in Portugal and Spain, as they are in other countries. They all galop'd; but their galloping was so close and short, that the attendants on foot could keep up with it, though they walked with great slowness and solemnity. The three next coaches, instead of horses, had six mules each, much finer than any I ever saw in Italy. The Patriarch was dress'd in his great pontificals. And how did he look? In Petrarch's words

Stava sì tutto umile in tanta gloria.

While this noble procession was advancing towards the wooden edifice, more than twenty other coaches, each drawn by six mules, appeared from several parts, and in them were the dignitaries and canons of Lisbon-Cathedral. They all alighted at the door of the edifice and

walk'd partly to the right and partly to the left of the Patriarch's throne. I had quitted my chaise and borrowed *Barisse's* horse, that I might look at all the great folks with better convenience. Was I pleased with so magnificent a show, or was I disgusted by so vain a parade? I was pleased, because I was no morose philosopher. Such sights are naturally delightful, and I never found my account in counteracting nature. I overheard an Englishman damn the puppet-show, and thought him ill-natured or discontented. The King then came in a coach and six, the horses black and white like the Patriarch's, surrounded with four and twenty of his horse-guards. Don Pedro was with him. The Queen followed immediately with her four daughters and an elderly lady, all in one coach, with four more coaches, two before and two behind, full of ladies, all coaches and six. Her Majesty was environed by a troop of her own horse-guards, who are much
 dood better

better dress'd than the King's, and, as I am told, all foreigners, chiefly Irish, Scotch, and Germans. She and the Princesses were most magnificently dress'd, wearing most ample hoops, their heads, necks, breasts, arms, waists, and feet glittering with jewels. The Princesses have very fine shapes, fine complexions, and the finest eyes that can be seen. One of them (I think the third, but am not sure) as far as my wretched eyes could judge at the distance of seven or eight yards, is a striking beauty. I was pleas'd to see them so lively and hopping out of the coach with so much nimbleness.

In the pew they all kneeled for a moment, except the Queen who sat down and fell a reading and kissing the leaves of her book. As she did this more than forty times in a few minutes I ask'd what was the meaning of that kissing, and was answer'd that it was her Majesty's custom to kiss the name of God, of our blessed Lady, and of all Saints and Angels in any
book

book that she reads. This singularity brought to my mind an English Philosopher (Mr. Boyle, if I do not mistake) who used to bow whenever God's name was mentioned.

The Queen lay'd down her book and a great *Te Deum* was sung with much noise of music. The *Te Deum* was follow'd by the litanies.

The King then got up, and attended by Don Pedro, Secretary Carvalho, and some other gentlemen of his court, descended into a kind of hole about breast-high, where silver-shovels, silver-hammers, and other implements of masonry had been placed before hand with stones, brick, and mortar. His majesty put some gold and silver medals at the bottom of that hole and cover'd them with a quadrangular stone; then both he and his attendants took up their shovels, and fell a covering that stone with bricks and mortar, beating the bricks with the hammers from time to time, as they were directed

directed by a gentleman, who, I suppose, is the King's architect. And thus was placed the fundamental stone of a most noble church, which is to be forthwith erected there by way of *Ex-voto* to our blessed Lady for the miraculous deliverance the King obtained through her means from the blunderbusses of the Duke d'Aveiro and the other assassins.

In a few minutes the business of laying the stone was over, during which I could not help wondering at some vulgar women who, looking through one of the windows, laughed immoderately at the masons, probably because they were somewhat awkward at their new trade, and this discomposed a little the gravity of the by-standers. Yet nobody took any particular notice of their impertinence.

The King and his company returned to their places, and as soon as they were seated, the Patriarch quitting his throne stood up to the altar and celebrated a high

high mass assisted by his dignitaries and canons with the ceremonies observed by the Cardinals to the Pope, when his Holiness officiates in the most solemn functions. During the mass the musicians play'd, and sung most gloriously.

The King has a good many in his service, and what is remarkable, more than forty Italians, partly singers and partly players upon several instruments.

The mass lasted a full hour, and was followed by the patriarchal benediction, after which the company broke up and every body went home tired and fatigued.

The heat without was great, as the sun shone very bright, but within was quite intolerable.

At some distance from the edifice there was all the while a foot battalion upon guard, the common men ill-dressed and ill-comb'd. They were not allow'd to fire as they do in Italy upon the like occasions; and this I thought judiciously order'd, as they would have frightened the
horses

horses and mules, and made them prance
 over the multitude, and I was also
 pleased to see several officers repeatedly
 command the horse-guards to keep close
 and gide softly, that nobody might be
 hurt. The day before yesterday at the Am-
 phitheatre I had seen a good number of
 ladies. To-day I saw many more at the
 wooden edifice, and had reason to be
 pleased at the sight in both places. To-
 day especially they were all richly dress'd,
 thick-set with jewels, and many of them
 very handsome. They are in general
 much fairer than one would expect in so
 hot a latitude, which makes me suppose
 that they take care not to go much in
 the sun. Almost all have open counte-
 nances and simpering looks. A good
 contrast to their men, whose skins are
 rather swarthy, and whose faces are sul-
 len and grave, even when they attempt
 to smile, which they do often enough.
 The salutation of men to ladies consists

in a short and quick gentleness, such as we make in Italy to our best *Madams* when we are in a hurry. But this compliment the ladies scarcely return with a nod, especially to inferiors. The gentlemen embrace each other with great respect when they meet, and kiss each other's left shoulder.

I am told that no body in Lisbon is allowed to have horses to his coach, chaise, or other vehicle, except the Royal Family, Ministers of State, Patriarch, foreign Ministers, and a few others. The rest make use of mules. Portugal, they say, does not abound in horses, and the Portuguese are obliged to smuggle many out of Spain, whence the sale is forbidden under severe penalties.

Female dress is no where varied so much as amongst the low women in this country. Some hide themselves under veils of different stuffs and colours, and some appear quite uncovered. Some have their hair plaited up, some let it flow

down their shoulders, and some confine it in one or more hanging tresses. Some have colures after the French manner, and some wear hats after the English. Many adorn their heads with ribbons, and many with natural or artificial flowers. The earthquake has been the cause of so great a variety on this particular. As it has deprived the greatest part of them of their wearing apparel, they dress now as well as they can, and have no prevalent national fashion.

Foreign Ministers, and a few others. They make use of mules, Portugal, they do not abound in horses, and the

LETTER XXII.

Another fine prospect. Rhyme and blank-verse. Heavenly life at the Jeronimites.

Banks of the Tagus again. Sowing of Salt.

much as amongst the few women in this Lisbon, Sept. 31. 1760.

As I was looking yesterday into a Portuguese book, I took notice that it was printed in Lisbon Ocidental.

What means, said I, this *Occidental Lisbon*? Is there any other besides this? No such thing, quoth the French bookseller. Some *Lusitanian* Literati affirm, that the anient *Olisipo* stood on the opposite side of the river, because an ancient inscription was once found therein which *Olisipo* is mentioned. Upon this scanty foundation and to make a parade of erudition, some of them bestow that epithet of *Occidental* on this town, without considering, that, were their conjectures true, still there would be no room for that distinction, as no book was ever printed *en Lisboa Oriental*.

How far the bookseller is right or wrong I cannot determine. However, thought I, I will go and visit the opposite side of the river, and see if I can find out any thing worth a paragraph in a letter. A place suspected by the learned to have been *Lisbon*, well deserves a visit.

In consequence of this resolution this morning early I got into a boat with Ba-

tiste,

river, and sailed away to the other side of the *Tago*.

The bank of the river on that side I found a great deal higher than this. It is a perfect mountain. But where I landed there is no house nor room to build any. I saw a path that leads up to the top of the hill, and clambered up. The path is craggy and difficult enough. On the summit there are two villages, one called *Castillo*, the other *Almada*.

Castilla has nothing that is remarkable, except the new ruins of an old-fashion'd castle, perhaps moorish, which probably gave name to the village. It is situated on a cliff made in the form of a sugar loaf, and I am told that it was decay'd and uninhabited even before the earthquake reduced it in its present condition.

At *Almada*, which is about a musket-shot from *Castilla*, I enter'd a small Dominican convent, whose cloister-walls are incrust'd with tiles painted blue and so very neat and clean, that the very

looking on them is cooling in this hot weather. The church which belonged to the convent was thrown down by the first shock of the earthquake, and the shattered bodies of about twenty men and six times more women were dug out of its ruins. The convent stood the concussion, so that none of the friars perished but that one who was saying mass in the church.

From the windows on the west side you have a prospect which excels even that of *Mount Edgcombe* in *Devonshire*, as from thence you have *Lisbon* full in your eyes; then *Bellin*, *Cascaes*, *St. Julian*, and all the villages, castles, fortifications, and other buildings along the river down to the sea, with an immense landscape surrounding all this, bounded on one side by the *Rock of Lisbon* already mentioned, and in other places by other hills whose names I know not. The prospect from the east windows is likewise very fine, though not so striking, as it

It consists only of a long range of hills covered with vineyards interspersed with numberless fruit-trees of every kind, especially oranges and lemons, with houses and cottages from place to place. Charming *Alameda*! though not embellished by any better building than the Dominican convent, certainly because there is no means of reaching so high a place but on foot or on a mule. Both *Alameda* and *Castillo* were little less than levelled to the ground by the earthquake. After having enjoyed the prospects to my satisfaction, I rolled down the craggy path again, got to the boat and went to see an English hospital which stands a little lower down on the same side of the river, and at the foot of the hill, where the ground juts out a little into the water. But there I saw nothing worth notice, except the Physician to the hospital, an old and ill-bred gentleman; perhaps rendered ill-bred by jealousy, as he has had the weakness at seventy to

marry a pretty Portuguese girl of eighteen.
 He look'd very cross when he saw me enter
 the garden of the hospital, because the
 young lady was then in it gathering some
 fruit. As he had answer'd rather uncivil-
 ly some civil question I had put to him,
 I was tempted to make him freer a little
 by addressing her and begging a grape
 out of her basket. However I resisted
 the temptation, as I reflected that I may
 myself possibly be guilty of the same folly
 at his age, if ever I reach it. Therefore,
 after having taken a tour of the garden, I
 made him a bow, got again into the
 boat, and sailed up the river, still on the
 same side, to the house of one O'Neal,
 an Irish wine-merchant, whose ample
 cellars are worth seeing.
 I found Mr. O'Neal quite the reverse
 of the Physician. As he saw me in
 a heat, he made me drink some of his
 best wine, gave me a basket, offer'd any
 other refreshment I chose, and was even
 kind in the same way to *Batiste* and my
 boat-

position, nor would he (a) accept of any
 pecuniary equivalent. The house Mr. O'Neal has there, is
 defended from the encroachments of the
 river by a strong mole of large flat stones.
 From that mole I enjoyed the sight of
 two Negros swimming and playing gam-
 bols in the water. Had I never seen blacks
 before, I had mistaken them for some
 particular species of fish. They sprang
 out of the water and wheel'd upon it, as
 tumblers do upon firm ground. For a
 few reils I made them sing several songs
 in their *Mosambique* language, of which
 I comprehended nothing but that they
 were in rhyme. I wished myself a mu-
 sician, only to take down the tunes of
 what they sung, though very simple with
 regard to harmony. Several writers both of Italy and of
 England have affirmed, that rhyme is
 (a) I recommend him to those of my English readers who
 are in Portugal wine. I am positive he deserves customers
 for his kindness to thirsty people, even when they are
 perfectly unknown to him, as was my case.

monkish invention, but I think them
 widely mistaken. It is not to be supposed
 that the Africans were taught rhyming
 by Missionaries, who have other business
 wherin these regions than that of teach-
 ing rhyme or blank verse to the natives.
 I heard once in *Venice* some Arabian songs
 which were in rhyme, and there is a
 French account of Arabia (wrote by a
 traveller whose name I cannot at present
 recollect) in which some poetry of that
 wandering nation is preserved, all in
 rhyme. One *Cayes* an Englishman (who
 suggested to *Cromwell* the scheme of tak-
 ing *Jamaica* from the Spaniards) in a
 painted account of *America* has given us
 an old Mexican song (words and music)
 which is in rhyme, and composed long
 before *Columbus* was born. These and a
 multitude of other such reasons have
 convinced me that rhyme is no monkish
 invention, but one of the natural essentials
 of the poetry of all nations ancient as well
 as modern. *Greek* and *Latin* only except-
 ed,

ed, whose verses had feet instead of rhymes. It is therefore blank verse that is to be considered as not natural to poetry, and to be deemed an invention as it really was, and not a very ancient one.

But let me take my leave of the courteous *O'Neal*, and cross the *Tegus* again as I go down the stream. I was set on shore at *Bellem*, where I enter'd a most filthy inn for a bad dinner. Then I visited a famous convent of *Jeronimites*, an order we have not in *Piedmont*, and not very common in other parts of western Italy. The church of that convent is actually repairing, as its roof was thrown down by the earthquake. The scaffolding erected for this purpose did not permit me to see much of it. I only could see that it is one of the largest I ever saw, built with fine marble of various colours, and adorned with the richest altars. The architecture of the whole edifice was originally

originally gothic, but some parts of the convent are no longer. The two galleries or cloisters which run one over the other, contain a number of statues, some of the most popular saints, and some of saints whose names and character I am not acquainted with, though the legend was my favourite book when I was a boy. There are a hundred and thirty masons in this convent, and I don't know how many lay-ones. Their cells are very good rooms. Those who are lodged on the water-side, may from their windows enjoy the sight of the ships incessantly going up and down the river. The back apartments command a spacious garden and a piece of uneven ground, well din and full of olive-trees. Amongst those trees are several little cells and chapels belonging to several paupers of low condition who have repented, and are allowed to live there in perfect idleness; which way of consuming time is by them termed *Vide celeste*,

a heavenly life nor is the appellation much amiss in my opinion, if it be taken in the poetical sense, as the privilege of living without working is really the chief blessing of this life. They subsist upon mere accidental alms, of which they have plenty by the intercession of St. Jerome, who like them lived in a cell or cave in the midst of a desert, and of course makes it his particular business that his followers be abundantly supplied.

As this convent is of royal foundation, you may be sure that the friars in it have a better chance for their dinners than casual charities. They live very comfortably and have no other obligation but that of praying some hour every day for their original benefactor and his successors. This duty they are forced to perform regularly, whether they are inclined to it or not. But the pious founders of religious houses never thought that frequent and regular praying must prove a hardship, and always took it for granted that

that a number of men well fed, warmly
dressed, and conveniently lodged, would
never repine to solicit heaven for their
deliverance out of purgatory. They sup-
posed that when worldly cares were re-
moved, devotion would regularly take
possession of the heart, and I wish that
they had never been mistaken.

The church there was formerly (and
may be so still for what I know) the
burial place of the Kings and Queens
of Portugal. I am told there are in it
several of their sepulchral monuments,
but I could not see them because of the
scaffolding.

One of the *Padres* who showed me the
place, encouraged me to eat of the fine
grapes of the garden, and I can tell you
that you have scarce any so good in Italy.
Their figs are also excellent. They have
many *Brazilian* plants in that garden,
particularly that called *Bananas*. They
all grow in the open air, and with no
particular culture that I could see.

By
alone this

thing you may judge of the heat of this
 season I sailed up again to Lisbon, I enjoyed
 again from the boat the fine prospect I
 had from the pucker on my arrival. It is
 really as enchanting as can possibly be
 conceived. By *Billem* there is a noble
 structure called *Pazo de Vaca* (the Palace
 of the Cow, an odd name) where the
 King's horses are educated for the im-
 ages. It is embellished with busts and
 statues, partly placed in niches and partly
 on the ridge of its walls. Then the pa-
 lace called the *Vice-queen's* of the Indies;
 that of *Marquis Ginge*; that of the
French Ambassador; that of the *Portu-
 guese Ambassador*; that of the *present Patriarch*;
 that of the *Secretary of State* for the ma-
 rine department; the fortress called *St.
 Jago*: the palace that was occupied
 by *Cardinal Arce* the Pope's Nephew.
 lately driven out of Portugal in a very
 abrupt and rough manner: then that of
Count Ribeiro; that of *Don Emanuel*,
 and

uncle

uncle to his present majesty; that of *Secretary Carvalho*, and another which has been degraded to a jail for state-criminals, not far from which stood heretofore that of the *Duke d' Aveiro*, which is now nearly demolished, pursuant to the sentence that was past on its master.

All these and other structures, whose names I have forgotten, would not misbecome the noblest of our Italian towns. They adorn the intermediate space between *Bellém* and *Lisbon*, nor has the earthquake damaged them much. Yet they are not the only decoration of that part of the shore. There is besides a vast number of houses, as I said already, all white, with their windows and window-shutters or lattices painted green. When the stones of the *D' Aveiro* palace are removed (which, by the bye, is done carefully that they may not be spoilt, as they are worth preserving) and the spot is made level, salt is to be sowed upon it, that it may never bear any grass: which

to me seems a very unjust punishment inflicted upon a poor piece of ground that certainly had no part in the crime of its owner: and after the sowing of that supposed enemy to fertility, a high marble-column is to be erected in the centre of that spot with an inscription upon it, to perpetuate the infamy of that bloody traitor, (whose character, if I am not misinformed) was a hateful mixture of the grossest ignorance and the most brutal pride. Men will determine according to their different dispositions: and he had a punctilious abhorrence to that sort of honour which is at present generally disregarded throughout Europe, and thoroughly exploded from France, where even the greatest Lords are ambitious of being a-kin to a certain sort of women.

As I was coming back towards evening, I took the *King-George-Packet* in my way, drank a bumper with my seafaring gentlemen, and had a touch at the bag-pipe. They have promised to come

and dine with me before they set sail for
Falmouth.

P E T T E R XXIII.

A specimen of poetical style. An aqueduct.

Bibb's, Sept. 6, 1766.

U P O N the report of others I have
in a former letter mentioned the
Arsenal they are actually building here.
But I have been this day an ocular ad-
mirer myself of its amplitude, and will
venture to say that if the smallest closet in
it was turned into a ball-room, we
might have a dance in it of all the giants
and giantesses ever dream'd of by the
noble *Don Quixote* whenever the moon
was at the fullest. Indeed when it is fi-
nished (if ever it is) the poets of this
country will be justly entitled to say in
their usual emphatic strain, that in the
new-built metropolis of the Lusitanian em-
pire (true and astonishing abridgment of
puissant *Assiria*, dreaded *Macedonia*, scien-
tific *Greece*, and all-conquering *Rome*) there

is so vast, so beautiful, and so costly an edifice, as may without exaggeration be compared to the mountainous temple of the chaste Ephesian Goddess, to the unmeasurable mausoleum of the faithful and sorrowful Artemisa, to the incomprehensible Naumachian structures of the most magnificent though most blood-thirsty Dioclesian, and even to those terror-striking pyramids erected on the extensive shores of the ever fertile Ethiopian river, whose ponderosity has made the Egyptian provinces groan for centuries and centuries, and whose sharp-pointed summits pierce the far-spreading darkness that environs the adamantine throne of great Jupiter's resplendent queen, and seem to challenge to mortal and everlasting war the most distant, most numerous, and most unpropitious constellations.

I will not say that this manner of writing is adopted by all the modern poets of Portugal: but amongst that infinity of sonnets just published on the laying of the fundamental stone of the church, which

is to be dedicated to the *Nossa Senhora da Liberdade*, a good many ran very much in this style : and I dare to say, that if this encomium on the new Arsenal was to be turned into a Portuguese ode, it would not meet here with universal disapprobation.

To be serious, this Arsenal is a huge fabric, and, in the opinion of many, quite disproportionate to the use intended. However, there is never any great harm in public edifices being too large, because those parts in them which are superfluous one way, may easily be made serviceable another. Thus many rooms in this may be turned upon occasion into granaries, store-rooms, quarters for soldiers, hospitals, and other such receptacles, of which there are never enough in great capital cities.

This edifice I visited this morning : but I went to see another of another kind in the afternoon, which surpasses it by far in point of bulk as well as magnificence.

I mean

I mean the *Aqueduct* in the valley of *Alcantara*, by which *Lisbon* is supplied with almost all the water that is used by the inhabitants.

That valley is sunk between two rocky and barren declivities. The *Aqueduct* for about a quarter of a mile, which is the breadth of the valley, runs transversely over it, from the summit of the western declivity to the opposite summit of the eastern. A long range of square pillars supports it: and to give you an idea of these pillars, it is enough to say, that one of their sides measures near twelve, and the other near thirteen times the length of my sword, which was the only instrument I had to take such measures; and the space between the two middle-most pillars is such, both in breadth and height, that a fifty-gun ship with her sails spread might pass through without obstruction. However, all the pillars are not of equal dimensions with the two central. They grow lower and

lower, and the spaces betwixt them diminish gradually on either side the valley, as the ground gradually rises on either side.

The pillars support an architrave whose middle is formed into a canal, through which the water runs: and there is room enough left for three or four men to walk abreast along the architrave on each side the canal which is vaulted the whole length, and adorned from space to space with *Lucarnes* made in the form of little temples, each of which has a door or aperture large enough for a man to get at the water and clean the bottom of the canal in case of necessity.

The whole of this immense fabrick is of fine white marble dug out of a quarry not a musket-shot distant: and I am told that about a league further off there are some other parts of it which have their share of grandeur, though by no means comparable to what is seen in this valley. The earthquake had spoilt it in two or three

three places : but the damage proved in-
considerable and was easily remedied.
And indeed I wonder not if it withstood
the shocks. A concussion violent enough
to effect its destruction, would shatter the
whole kingdom of Portugal.

When a man has once seen such a struc-
ture as the Aqueduct of *Alcantara* there
is no danger of his ever forgetting it, as it
is the nature of grand objects to force re-
membrance. As long as I live I shall pre-
serve the image of it, along with that of
the valley which is rendered so conspic-
uous by it.

However, if there was no such thing
as that glorious Aqueduct in that valley,
still I should never forget the valley itself,
because of an adventure I met in it of a
pretty singular kind. But the visit to the
two edifices, which was performed on
foot and in the heat of the day, has fati-
gued me so much, that the account of it
must be delayed till to-morrow.

LETTER XXIV.

Lapidation performed in a valley. Good Mothers.

Liſbon, Sept. 7, 1760.

WHILE I am waiting for the barber I may as well tell my adventure of yesterday in the Valley of *Alcantara*.

After having fully ſatisfied my curioſity with regard to the noble Aqueduct, we turned back the way we went. But as we aſcended one ſide of the valley we met with five or ſix men wrapp'd up to their noſes in their ample cloaks, which it is the cuſtom here to wear both winter and ſummer. They pull'd off their hats, and we pull'd off ours, becauſe this is another cuſtom of the people here, to give each other this token of reſpect whenever they meet about the country. But the cloak'd fellows had not gone twenty yards from us, when, turning ſuddenly

suddenly back, they began to hurl stones at us with such precipitance and fury, as could not be described by the best *Balearick* poet of *Majorca*.

What is the meaning of this? cried I to my landlord Mr. *Kelly*:

Run for your life was the answer: and he took to his heels with such celerity as if he had utterly forgot that he is full seventy.

What could I do on seeing myself thus abandoned by my auxiliary troops? Spare me the mortification of owning, that I made my retreat with as much haste as I could, and thus baffled the cruel intention of the villains, and the fatal consequence that might have ensued from that unexpected lapidation.

And now, tell me, dear brothers, the motive that induced them to treat me and my fellow-walker in so barbarous a manner?

Sir, says *Kelly* with an air of triumph, will you still laugh at me when I tell you that

that you have yet go late at the English
 Coffee-house and upon my soul, one night
 or other you will see what it is in this
 country to come home at eleven and
 alone. *What is the meaning of this?*
 But here is the barber, and I must not
 make him wait. *Run for your life*
and he took to his heels with such celerity
as I do not remember to find in the evening. My
 Landlord has given you a hint that I am
 so imprudent as to spend an hour or two
 in the evening at a coffee-house, where
 all manner of strangers resort, especially
 of the English nation. *Not one of those*
strangers however I have yet heard speak fa-
vorably of the Portuguese. On the con-
 trary they all join to paint them in the
 blackest colours, and would fain per-
 suade any new-comer, that this is the
 most unpolished, most inhospitable, and
 most hateful nation under the sun. But
 notwithstanding their invectives I was
 still yesterday evening rather inclined to
 a contrary opinion, as such assertions
 thought

squared

scared not with my first cursory observations. I had taken notice that the Portuguese are very respectful to each other, and quick to bow to any body they meet out of a crowd; that they are enthusiastic admirers of women, and treat them with a pleasing mixture of obsequiousness and gallantry; that they have a strong musical turn, and are fond of spending the first part of the night in singing and playing about the streets: nor had I seen any thing deserving censure in their general behaviour at church.

These obvious characteristics of the Portuguese I thought rather incompatible with treachery and unprovoked inhumanity; besides that I know enough of mankind to be tolerably acquainted with their vile antipathies and with their readiness severally to abuse and depreciate their neighbours upon the slightest provocation, and often upon no provocation at all. No nation upon record has yet found grace before another, and each is
thought

thought detestable by the rest. This universal brutality in the gross of mankind, made me unwilling to believe the many bad things repeatedly told me of the Portuguese; and I should have persisted unshaken in my incredulity, had it not been for that iniquitous lapidation, which, I think, has given me ground enough to credit in a good measure the uniform accusations brought against them by all men of other nations that have resided here.

You may possibly upbraid me still for my seeming facility in adopting this harsh opinion, and insist that my motive is still very slight and equivocal. And indeed I really wish I could persuade myself that the low part of this nation is not a mass of villains, and that the fellows in that valley are by no means to be considered as the legal representatives of their peers, but only as a groupe of rogues who met unluckily together by mere chance.

But

But that I may put you in a condition to judge adequately of this matter, I must also tell you, that yesterday likewise, as we were going to see that Aqueduct, a parcel of children followed us at some distance in a most clamorous manner, and loaded us with such execrable contumelies, as generally surpass the abilities of children in other countries.

The impotent insult of those growing rascals, I should have forgot as soon as it was over, but for an ugly circumstance that attended it. The circumstance was, that several women, on hearing that sudden vociferation, rush'd out from several quarters, and joining with the perverse children, encouraged them to give us more and more of their abusive language, and made them follow us much longer than they would otherwise have done if they had been left to themselves. Some of those women were apparently mothers to some of those children; and what judgment can a man pass upon a nation, when

when he sees mothers abetting their boys and girls in their aversion to strangers, and fortifying them in their barbarous brutality?

Thus far have I already push'd my observations on the low part of the people within this town. I am willing to believe that the higher sort are quite the reverse; and that they know politeness and humanity full as well as the higher sort of all other European nations, though I have not forgot the stupid haughtiness and forbidding look of the two gentlemen and the friar in the box at the Amphitheatre. But whatever I may believe, don't you begin to think that Portugal is rather too much in the neighbourhood of Africa?

LET-

LETTER XXV.

*Good nuns. A scheme for rendering girls
still more amiable. Heroism of a young
Lady.*

Lisbon, Sept. 1, 1780.

THIS morning I made a visit to one of those many religious houses that are maintained in several parts of this kingdom at the King's expence. It is call'd the *English Nunnery*, because no girl is admitted in it but what is born a subject of England. Any such girl, either left destitute in this country by parents unsuccessful in trade, or willing to come from the British Isles to devote herself in this country to chastity and confinement, may make sure of a livelihood in that Nunnery; and the veil once taken, she needs not to fear the approaches of real want as long as her soul and body will keep each other company.

The

The number of the nuns there amounts to little more than twenty, and it is the chief anxiety of this little community to keep the number full, that the Government may not, in case of too many vacancies, take upon itself to fill them with Portuguese maidens, which the English women apprehend would create separate interests, and cause such feuds and parties amongst them, as they have hitherto been strangers to ever since the first foundation.

Animated by this rare species of terror, the poor things set their brains upon the utmost stretch whenever death deprives their community of a member, and all efforts are unanimously made towards the raising of a recruit. With this distant view, you cannot conceive how prettily they flatter all their visitors, especially those of their own sex! They keep besides a large epistolary correspondence with their friends and acquaintance in

in *England* and *Ireland*, by which means they have not failed as yet to obtain the desired supply.

Whoever can speak English, no matter whether Catholic or Protestant, has a kind of right to visit them at any time of the day; and all their visitors are used by them with such an endearing kindness, that their parlatory is in a manner never empty from morning till night. The poor things are liberal to every body of chocolate, cakes, and sweet-meats, and will take much pains with their needles or otherwise to enlarge the number of those visitors, and allure them to frequent calls.

Nuns in all countries are soft and obliging speakers; but these are certainly the softest and most obliging that ever fell in my way. Never was I told in a year so many pretty and tender words as this morning in half an hour. On my apprising them of my country, they expatiated on the immense goodness of Car-

dinal *Acciajoli* and the gentlemen of his court, who did them the honour of seeing them often. No nation, in their opinion, is so good as the Italian, none so witty, and none so wise. In short, not a syllable issued out at their lips but what was dictated by modesty and meekness, humility and benevolence; and I will positively see them as often as I can while I stay here, because it is impossible not to be pleased with their converse, though one is perfectly conscious that they make it a study to treat every body with this gentleness of language and blandishment of manners. They certainly give you no reason for harbouring the least suspicion to their disadvantage, and their virtue is to all appearance without the least alloy: but were they in reality quite different from what they appear (which I am thoroughly persuaded is not the case), still the strong appearance of their innocence and goodness is irresistibly attracting, and the holy simplicity of their

their behaviour can never fail of making a friend of every man who is once introduced to their acquaintance, though ever so much aware of their flattery.

The King, as I said, allows them such a sum as enables them to find themselves in victuals, linen, and raiment. Thus they are freed from the anxiety of procuring the chief necessities of life. Yet life, even by recluse women, cannot be passed very comfortably with mere necessities, and some addition is wanting to keep it from stagnating. Those minute superfluities, which the French call *douceurs*, so indispensibly required to render existence supportable, are left intirely to their industry; and these they procure partly by work and partly by making trifling presents, which are often return'd with liberality. These are the two means by which they furnish themselves with that chocolate so plentifully distributed at their parlatory to their incessant visitors, and with those other pretty things

that alleviate the natural hardness of their condition. Some of them have small pensions paid them by their relations and friends, and whatever is got by one, is kindly shared by the whole sisterhood.

As the reputation of this little community was never sullied in the least ever since their establishment (and I am told that this is not quite the case with the Portuguese nunneries) is it not astonishing that no Portuguese parent ever thinks of sending his daughter amongst them as a boarder and by way of giving her a true maidenly education? A daughter thus placed would amongst other advantages have that of learning a foreign language very well worth learning; and nothing contributes so much to enlarge the sphere of our ideas, and to render a young woman amiable, as the knowledge of languages. Yet, few are the Portuguese, as I am told, who care for such an ornament in their daughters, or even

in themselves, excepting those of the highest quality; and they have besides a particular antipathy to the language of England, as the notion prevails amongst them, that there is no book in that language but what is against religion; nor does their inquisition allow of the importation of any for fear of heresy: and it was not without contest and bribery that I saved the few in my trunk from confiscation at the custom-house.

The visiting of the *English Nunnery* has brought a scheme into my mind which I shall cherish long, and put in execution as soon as I can. Let me but be rich enough, and I will have four Nunneries in *Turin*, and endow them with a revenue equal to the maintenance of twenty nuns in each. One of them shall be filled with Florentine women, one of French, one of Spanish, and one of English.

I will take it for granted that when my Nunneries are erected, endowed, and

filled with proper inhabitants, my countrymen will have sense enough to send their little girls to them for education; and by a residence of about two years in each Nunnery, all the girls in *Piedmont* will be able to speak four languages, besides their own; which will certainly render them upon the whole the most lovely set of maidens in Europe.

But as I am not for turning pretty girls into nuns, I intend to make it the fundamental law of my Nunneries, that none of the nuns shall be young and handsome. It will probably not prove very difficult to procure out of each respective country one score of elderly maids or widows to fill them at first, and to keep successively the number quite complete; nor do I intend to subject them to the austere rule of keeping always within doors. They shall have a number of holidays to walk or ride out with their pupils, and be allowed all sorts of diversions becoming a set of exemplary matrons.

This

This scheme I am confident you will think quite patriotick, and well worth taking place any where. But setting it aside until a proper time, let me tell you a story of *Lady Hill* (the present Abbess of the *English Nunnery*) which really deserves to be saved from oblivion.

This Lady took the veil there, because, like the rest of her sisterhood, (as I suppose) her circumstances did not permit a more agreeable choice: but soon after having made profession, a good estate in *Ireland* was vacated by a relation that died intestate, and of course devolved upon her by right of consanguinity.

To get the estate without going to *Ireland* herself was thought difficult and subject to much delay. Her Abbess therefore represented her case to the Patriarch, who alone could dispense with her vow of constant confinement; and the Patriarch (not a rigid bigot it seems) upon a simple promise of return gave her leave to secularize her dress and depart.

She did so; arrived in *Ireland*; produced her title; took possession, and found herself at once in a condition to live in ease and even splendour in her native country.

The temptation of staying where one is, you will allow to be nearly irresistible in such a case, especially when you are additionally told, that she was not yet three and twenty, and handsome enough. However, if she was tempted, she was tempted in vain, for she sold the estate as speedily as she could, and, faithful to her vow and promise, hasten'd back to the Nunnery with the money, which she laid out in such a manner as to contribute much to the ease and convenience of her beloved community.

This was done by a woman! This superiority to worldly pleasure, and this fidelity to an onerous engagement, was found in a female breast! Would any friar in similar circumstances have behaved so nobly, and have returned to his

less heavy fetters after so lucky an escape? This question I will not answer for the honour of my own sex, I will only conclude the story of Lady Hill, with telling you that her companions, struck with admiration as well as gratitude, chose her immediately for their superior, and never after ceased to pay her the veneration so undoubtedly due to her unshaken virtue.

LETTER XXVI.

Italian Capuchins. Odd fishes.

Lisbon, Sept. 9, 1762.

I Need not tell you that the crown of Portugal is possess'd of several ultramarine countries, the inhabitants of which are far from being all christians; and that all possible endeavours have been used for these two or three last centuries, to bring them all within the pale of the church, partly by most detestable acts of violence, as historians tells us, and partly by

by the more lawful means of sending
 friars amongst them to preach them out
 of their ignorance and errors. And
 amongst these friars, the capuchins
 have long enjoyed the reputation of being
 the most zealous and most successful con-
 verters. But as their order was never
 established in this kingdom, the predeces-
 sor of his present Majesty thought fit to
 procure a number of them from those
 countries where they are established, and
 especially from France and Italy, where
 indeed there are enough to spare. I
 suppose it was no very difficult matter
 for the first King of Portugal who thought
 of this scheme, to put it in execution, and
 to obtain from the Pope and their General
 the permission of importing as many ca-
 puchins here as were wanting. The de-
 sign once formed, numbers of them came
 over in an uninterrupted succession; and
 as it was necessary for them all to learn
 this language before they were wasted
 over to their respective millions, they
 were

were for a time, on their arrival here, scattered about the convents of the Franciscans, who are in reality little less than capuchins themselves, as the difference in their respective institutions chiefly consists in wearing a beard or no beard. However, to lodge the Capuchins with people who shaved their chins, and somewhat jealous of their superior reputation for sanctity, was found productive of several inconveniencies. Therefore the late King came to the resolution of building two new convents in this capital, one for the French and the other for the Italian Capuchins, that each of the two bodies might live quite according to its own peculiar rules, depend on its own immediate superiors, and be by them directed to the acquisition of those means that would fit each friar for his speedy and distant peregrination.

On hearing of these two convents and their inhabitants I was presently kindled by the desire of seeing a number of my
country.

countrymen collected together in one of them, and to satisfy that desire I sent *Batiste* yesterday to the *Father Guardian* of the Italians to beg of him, if it was not inconsistent with their practices, as I supposed it was not, to give me a dinner any day he pleased at their common table, together with the permission of spending a whole afternoon in the company of his community.

My request was immediately granted, and the good *Guardian* pitch'd upon to-day, that I might be the sooner gratify'd. Accordingly this morning at ten o'clock, I went thither with the box of my chaise pretty well furnished with French bottles, as by way of return to their civility I thought of forcing them for once to some extraordinary jollity by means of such liquors as I know they taste but seldom.

The *Guardian* I found ready to receive me at the gate. He welcom'd me with infinite goodness, and seem'd perfectly pleased

pleased with so flattering a visit, as he termed it. In a moment I had the whole brotherhood about me, which consists of about fifteen or sixteen, all middle-aged, all healthy, and all very cheerful. I must own that I was quite delighted to shake so many Italian hands, and to hear my native language uttered at once by so many mouths. They took me directly to the church, where a *Pater* and *Ave* was soon said; then we visited the convent quite through, from the kitchen up to the library.

The convent stands upon an eminence on that end of the town which is furthest from the sea, and commands a prospect not much inferior to that of the Dominicans of *Almada* on the opposite side of the river.

The habitations of the capuchins in Italy are in general narrow, poor, and unadorned: but this is quite otherwise, as the King who erected it spared no expence to render it acceptable to the strangers

gets he invited over. Their church is a noble one, and richly ornamented, their dormitories and refectory are spacious and high roofed, and their cells might as well be called very good rooms. The cieling of their library does not want stuccos, nor their shelves carvings; and the most precious *Brass*-woods have been lavished in it as well as all about the convent.

As to the books in that library, there is not as yet the tenth part of what it might contain; and you may easily imagine that the greatest part of them are such, as can never pretend to the honour of admittance amongst those of the witty philosophers of the age. Some Latin Fathers simply bound make the first figure in the place: then many School-divines and Casuists, with a considerable number of Asceticals, and several collections of Italian and Portuguese sermons. Amongst which *Segueri* and *Vieyra* hold the first rank. A small shelf is filled up with manuscripts, chiefly catechisms and prayers

in several Indian and African languages, with some imperfect Grammars and Dictionaries, or rather Nomenclators of those same languages, compiled by former missionaries, and deposited there for their successors to initiate themselves in them before they set out for those remote countries to which they are to go after a residence in Portugal of a few months.

Having spent full two hours in that library, the bell called us to the refectory. As we entered it, the friars placed themselves in two rows, one facing the other, and recited a long Latin grace with a sonorous tone of voice, those of one row answering alternately to those of the other with an edifying solemnity of devotion.

We now sat to a table that runs along the upper part of the place, and is made in the form of a greek Π . They placed me into the place of honour; that is, the middle point, the *Guardian* on my right, the *Vicar* on the left, and the rest on each side, except the youngest of them all, who

who mounted a small pulpit and began to read a Latin compliment composed that very morning in commendation of some body present. That compliment I was obliged to swallow up to the last syllable, in spite of my several attempts to interrupt the perusal, and repeated intreaties that they would not make so prodigious a stranger of their own countryman. It was that arrant rogue *Batiste* who furnished the orator with his theme, as I immediately guess'd; and he was listening all the while at the door, heartily laughing at the discomposure and confusion of his old master; for which I gave him a good box on the ear while he was felicitating himself with old *Kelly* for his pretty contrivance on our return home.

Silence being dispensed by the *Guardian* out of favour to me, we all fell to our victuals with a brisk appetite; and though I had been very explicit in my message of yesterday about the treatment I expected, yet Father Cook thought

proper for once to depart from his daily method, and gave us as many Italian and Portuguese ragoos as he could possibly manufacture. We were elevated to high mirth during the whole dinner. Jokes were crack'd by dozens, no matter whether witty or dull, and the bottles went round and round with as much briskness as if the *Guardian* and *Vicar* had been in Asia. They forced even a song out of me in a language of which none of them knew a single word. The banquet lasted an hour longer than it would have done if I had not been there, and ended with another Latin grace.

This great business being over, they took me to the garden, the circumference of which is near half a mile, perfectly well kept, and full of the choicest fruits. It lies on a sloping ground, and on the highest side of it there is a pretty large pond inhabited by a sort of fishes not to be found in any other place, as they believe. The creatures, as far as I could see,

are about two spans long, and half as large, with a prominent bunch upon their backs, and not good to eat like other fishes. But what will surprize you to hear, they are of a nature so gay, that they prove quite astonishing. *Fishes, fishes*, cried the Guardian, *come to your dinner, come, come.*

The fishes started up, sprang and tumbled about the water, seized the many pieces of bread that he threw to them, and then retired out of sight. The pleasantness of such a scene is not to be conceived. I begged that some of the company would preach them a sermon, hoping they would come out again and behave quite as well as those of the Adriatick upon a certain occasion. The Fathers took the joke, and smiled, and wondered I had not forgot my pretty Italian stories in my long absence from my native country.

We then play'd at bowls under the grape-bowers, and above all, chatted incessantly. But what took my fancy most, was a translation of one of the Cantos

Cantos of the *Jerusalem* delivered in the *Genoese* dialect which one of the Fathers read to the company. This, he said, was a juvenile composition of his; and I thought it excellent in its kind. They are all subjects of the republic of *Genoa*, and have been successively so for many years, as a medley of them, formed at first out of the several Italian states, was judged inconvenient soon after their introduction in Portugal.

Towards evening I took my leave with a million of thanks for their kindness and good treatment; went to the coffee-house, as usual; then came home and scribbled thus far: and now I have nothing further to tell, but that to-morrow I will begin a journey to *Mafra*, *Cintra*, and some other places.

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LETTER XXVII.

*A short excursion. Sad accommodations.
Thanks to Aurora.*

Cintra, Sept. 11, 1760.

THOSE who have never gone twenty miles from home, are apt to fancy that travelling is a very pretty thing. But let him who holds this opinion, come to travel about Portugal, and I will submit to eat thistles if he does not stagger in his notions about travelling.

I have now been two days out of *Lisbon*, because I suffered myself to be seduced by the desire of seeing *Mafra* and *Cintra*. But I pay dear for my folly, as I have undergone more misery during these two days than ever fell to the share of any man during two centuries. The expression sounds odd: but you know that extreme pain makes people mad.

The

The deplorable account of these two days hardships and torments is now conveyed to you by means of this letter from a room on the ground-floor of a house half ruined, that goes in this country under the appellation of an inn, and would be thought in any other a rendezvous for witches.

The furniture of this room consists of three things. An ill hewn bit of a fir-plank, which by means of three crooked sticks has obtained the name of stool; a tottering old table as smooth as a rasp; and a piece of coarse and dirty canvass stretch'd wide upon the dusty floor made of broken bricks: and this is the best bed that this inn could afford. Ye unfortunate bones that crack'd so many times last night upon the stony couch at *Masra*! how shall I save you from breaking by and by when extended upon these uneven bricks, where I must lay myself for weariness!

But let me begin the sad chronicle from yesterday morning and bring it orderly down to this woeful evening: and while I take a pinch of snuff to quicken my narration, take yourselves a cordial that your hearts may not fail you while you read it.

Yesterday morning therefore, a little before seven, I got into my chaise, attended by old *Kelly* on horseback, and sat out for *Mafra*: but my brown mules went along with so senatorial a pace, that it was past twelve when we reached a village called *Cabeza*, about twelve miles distant from *Lisbon*.

At the inn of *Cabeza* we stopped with a mind to get a dinner, if there was any to be got. A smiling little fellow showed me to a room, which would be a tolerable lodging for a Gipsy or a Jew, was it not that it admits too much light through the chinks of the cieling or roof, and that the floor is
not

not near so well paved as the great road.

It presently occur'd that the smiling little fellow had mistaken *Kelly* and me for the mules, and the mules for us! therefore I stepp'd to see how they were accommodated; and indeed I found that they had been received in an apartment much larger and cleaner than ours: however I did not think proper to change places, because, if our room had a perforated roof, theirs had no roof at all.

We should have had neither dinner that could be eaten, nor wine that could be drank, if *Kelly* had not desired his wife at all events to put something better than straw in the box of the chaise; and the good woman had dropp'd into it a pigeon-pye, a roasted turkey, and a Barbary-tongue, together with half a dozen bottles of the best wine. By means of such provender we baffled the design of the *Cabeza* host, who wanted to poison us with stinking lard and with a fowl that

my negro found quite as tender as the tail of an old alligator. The smiling rogue! Beware of fellows that smile for ever!

At night we reached *Mafra*, about eight miles distant from *Cabeza*. The whole country from *Lisbon* to *Mafra* (very few spots excepted) may very well dispute the praise of sterility with any desert in *Nubia*.

The supper that was offered us there, was not a bit inferior to the dinner at *Cabeza*. But our turkey had yet lost no more than a wing and a leg, and of the pigeon-pye two good thirds were still in store.

But when the hour came to go to bed, what eloquence could ever express the misery I was to undergo! I was led into a room, whose cieling was open from space to space. In that room there was a bed which, though not quite so wide as *America*, had still several wild nations

scat-

scattered all about, all painted black, and all as nimble as any Indians.

I will leave it for you to guess whether I could shut my eyes a moment during the whole night amidst so many enemies! Lucid Aurora! I humbly thank thee for thy early coming to call me out of that bed. Whatever flesh and blood I have still left, I will henceforwards acknowledge as thy gift; and thy gift likewise was that appetite which permitted me to eat half a melon for my breakfast.

After breakfast I paid my visit to the Royal Convent, the description of which you shall have to-morrow, if ever I get up alive from this piece of canvas, on which I am going lay myself through mere impossibility of keeping my body in a sitting posture.

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LETTER XXVIII.

*Promontorium Lunæ. Holes, and Holes,
and Holes again. An odd evening walk.
A chearful dinner. Coins dropp'd to a
Mary Magdalen for a very good reason.*

Contra, Sept. 12, 1760.

I Have had the good look to secure such a bed for to-night, and passed the day besides with so perfect a satisfaction, that the dirty canvas and uneven bricks are already forgotten. And so goes this fickle world! A perpetual shifting from good to evil, and from evil to good. And now the natural order of things seems to require a description of the Royal Convent: but what I have seen to-day presses a great deal more upon my fancy, and my impatience of imparting to you a share of the pleasure I have received myself to-day, makes me invert the laws of narration without any great hesitation.

ESTT

This

This morning early I quitted this place along with my trusty *Kelly*. Leaving the mules and the horse at the inn, each of us got astride upon a jack-ass, and so we went up a high and steep mountain to see a convent of *Jeronimites* which is on the summit of it.

That convent could formerly contain near a dozen of inhabitants; yet at present there are but four or five, because a part of it has been demolished by the earthquake. What is left of it consists of five or six rooms supported by a portico that encloses a court-yard. This yard is paved chequer-wise with white and blue tiles of earthen ware, and so disposed as to collect all the rain-water into a cistern under it. The walls of the portico are likewise incrustured with such parti-colour'd tiles.

From the windows an extensive prospect is commanded, as that summit is near a mile higher than the level of the sea. The eye runs freely over an immense

tract of country, too much of it quite barren.

The middle parts of the hill seem composed of numberless broken rocks, some as big as houses. Yet between rock and rock the fathers have cultivated several small bits of ground, which furnish their little community with more pulse and herbage than they want. It is pity that no fruit-tree will grow there, because of the sharp air and chilling mists: so that whatever fruit they have, is fetched every day from *Cintra* with their other provisions, and carried up to them upon asses of their own. But besides herbs and pulse they cultivate Turkey-corn, with which they make savory cakes for themselves and visitors, and feed poultry with the overplus.

To the summit of that mountain there is no access but by the path we went. Every other side consists of cliffs upon cliffs, inaccessible even to goats.

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As the church and the convent were originally built in a most solid manner, the earthquake had not strength enough to demolish them entirely, though it was felt as violent there as in any other part of Portugal: nor did any of the friars perish, though the whole mountain was horribly shaken. The church stands on the very spot that was formerly occupied by a Roman temple dedicated to the Moon, which had given the name of *Promontorium Lunæ* to the hill. This scrap of erudition I got from one of the friars.

We stay'd there about two hours; then came down afoot, our jack-asses driven before us by the Negro. About mid-mountain I hired a guide to shew us the way to another hill near two leagues from this. The fellow took us about and about through a pathless country, partly covered with loose pieces of rocks, partly heathy, and partly sandy. Yet from space to space we met with numbers of

fir

fir and cork-trees; with some small oaks and a few other plants, that contribute to render several parts of it romantically beautiful.

The place we were going to, stands on the summit of another mountain no less high than the supposed *Promontorium Lunæ*, called by the Portuguese *Cabo de Roca*, and by the English *the Rock of Lisbon*. I hope you have not forgot that Rock, and the pleasure it gave me when I saw it for the first time. It was the *Cork-Convent* on its summit I wanted to visit, and we reached it with some difficulty, as we went to it by a cross-road extremely rugged and steep, and over several precipices that demanded much attention both from us and from our asses.

The *Cork-Convent* is properly a hermitage; and you have but one path to it under a kind of arch irregularly cut through a piece of rock by the hand of nature. That arch is about two hundred steps

steps below the hermitage, and all other parts near that summit are perfectly pathless and not to be clamber'd over.

Near that arch we left our asses in the custody of our guide, and ascended the rest of the mountain a-foot. And here, ye Muses nine, I invoke your assistance! Help me to an adequate description of the oddest, wildest, most romantic, and most pleasing place that ever I was in!

The hermits had discover'd us from a far; therefore we found them ready to receive us. We bow'd, shook hands, and seem'd as pleas'd as if we had long been most intimate friends. The Father Superior ask'd us whether we had dined, and being answered in the negative, dispatched one of his Friars to make something ready as fast as possible. He then took us to see the place, which begins with a flat irregular area about forty yards square.

The area is fronted by a huge rock variously perforated; and its various perfora-

forations, caverns, or holes from the hermitage. The church of it is a hole; the sacristy a hole; the confession-room a hole; the kitchen a hole; the dormitory a hole; the refectory a hole; every cell a hole; and the doors and windows of all these holes are still nothing else but so many other holes. But so narrow are those which form the doors of the cells, that should a man grow hydropic while in one of them, he never would be able to come out of it; and the cells themselves are so small, that no tall friar when in his bed has room enough to extend his legs. Yet in them they lie at night upon straw-bags, after having taken the precaution to shut what they call their doors and windows with small planks.

Not one hole in the whole place deserves the epithet of spacious. The largest is that which they term *the Kitchen*. A French cook would be angry at the prostitution of so noble a word, but the friars are not so scrupulous. The smoke
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of that kitchen is carried out by a cylindrical perforation over the fire-place.

Dame Nature indeed was in a merry mood when she took it into her fancy to form so whimsical a place. You cannot conceive what little help she received from art to fit it for its present inhabitants. The earthquake shook it to and fro, and they say, with inconceivable violence. Yet that violence proved vain, and I do not wonder at it. The demolition of the hermitage cannot be effected but by the fall of the mountain.

What adds to the singularity of this natural edifice is, that every part in it is covered with cork; the walls, floors, and all. And this is the reason why the English sailors call it the *Cork-Convent*. That cork prevents the bad effects of the dampness which would otherwise be very inconvenient, as many parts of its walls are cover'd with a thin moss, and the water distils through the pores of the rock in very small drops.

From the hermitage they descend by a range of irregular steps to a piece of water and to their several spots of garden. Not far from that water there is another hole, in which one of their predecessors had the patience to live the last twenty years of his life, without ever quitting it day or night. At least you are told so by an inscription over that hole, absurdly supported by the testimony of the friars themselves, who were all born near two centuries after, according to the inscription, which I with fairly destroy'd and the hole filled up for their own sake, as the place has no need of a lye to induce people to visit it. No human being could ever live in that hole, for several reasons that I will forbear to tell.

I said that there is a piece of water on that eminence, which fertilizes several spots. The friars are all gardeners and have vegetables of various sorts in great abundance, but no fruit. The many steps

steps by which they descend to that water, they term humourously their *evening walk*; and, abating the inconvenience of the steps, it is really a pleasant walk, shaded with many trees and bushes.

After having visited the whole hermitage we went to dinner. In the midst of that hole that is called the Refectory, a stone serves them for a table whenever the rain forces them to eat their victuals under shelter. But to-day, as the weather was very fine, we chose to dine in the area. Being a meagre day we had an ample dish of salt-fish most favourably dress'd after the manner of the country with garlick and *pimenta*, a large salad, and Dutch cheese with pears, apples, grapes, and figs, ten times more than we could eat, good bread, and excellent wine.

During dinner the hermits kept us in chat with the greatest good humour; told us of the many English gentlemen and ladies that visit them, and help'd us to our glasses very briskly. The wine

was good, and we could not help drinking the English Ladies.

These hermits are of the Franciscan order; therefore will touch no money: but there is a *Mary Magdalen* painted over a kind of altar in the church; and to *Mary Magdalen* you drop a coin filily. It would not otherwise be in the power of this little community to furnish their numerous visitors with meat and drink, and entertain besides a good number of poor people who visit the place, partly out of devotion and partly to get a meal. They admit ladies to visit the hermitage when they are in company with gentlemen; otherwise not: and as to women of low rank, they are not allowed to ascend beyond the Arch mentioned before, except on some festival days.

About an hour after dinner we took our leave and went back to our asses who had leisurely cropp'd the thistles about, while our guide and the Negro feasted merrily upon herrings, cheese, and fruit,

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convey'd to them with a sufficient quantity of bread and wine by one of the fathers.

And now I may truly say that I have seen the strangest solitude that ever was inhabited by men, amidst the most pleasing assemblage of craggs, rocks, trees, and bushes that can possibly be fancied; the whole commanding a most wide and amazing prospect, as from thence you discover a vast tract of the ocean with many of the castles and habitations at the mouth of the *Tagus*, the tops of the Royal Convent of *Mafra*, several villages and hamlets, with many single cottages scatter'd over a long chain of uneven mountains, some of which are perfectly rocky and barren; some shaded with oaks, fir-trees, and cork-trees; and some cover'd with vines, olive-trees, and lemon or orange-groves, besides numberless other plants of every kind and generation.

LETTER XXIX.

Vast many teeth a-going in a great house.

Genealogical books. The excellence of the circular figure. Gallantry of a devout King.

Lisbon, Sept. 13, 1760. in the forenoon.

I Am here again ready to give you an account of *Mafra* and *Cintra*.

Mafra is so inconsiderable a village, that the name of it would not be found in a map of *Portugal*, were it not for a vast pile which King *John V.* Father to his present Majesty, caused to be erected within a musket shot of it.

That pile, which is perfectly quadrangular, consists of a church, two royal apartments, and a convent. The church and apartments take up one half of it, and the convent the other half.

The church is placed in the middle of the chief front towards the village, and is spacious enough to contain more than

a thousand people, exclusive of the choir : but is so very dark, that you cannot see at one glance all the fine things in it ; which is to be regretted, as neither gold, nor silver, bronze, precious marbles, nor even the dearest jewels, have been spared to render it an object of astonishment.

There are several altars in it, each as rich as art and money could make it. The chief one has a statue of masonry five feet high, with several large candlesticks, and so many other rich ornaments, that it cost (they say) half a million of francs does (it), and I am inclined to credit the assertion.

There are likewise six organs, three on each side, but none of them as yet finished. When they are, it will be curious to hear them all play in concert. People hope that the effect will prove extremely pleasing, but I am not quite sure of it, and am afraid of confusion. The church,

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A Crusade is something more than an English half-crown.

as I apprehend, is not ample enough for a collection of so much sound. However I may be mistaken.

Of the two royal apartments, that on the right side of the church as you go in, is called the *Queen's*, and that on the left the *King's*. Both are large enough to afford a commodious lodgement to their Majesties and their attendants. Each is formed by a long range of rooms, closets, and halls, and each communicates with the other by means of a passage over a part of the church. I don't know how they are furnished, because the furniture is always laid up whenever their Majesties leave the place. The two principal staircases which lead up to the apartments, are well lighted, sufficiently wide, and perfectly easy.

Each corner of that chief front supports a dome somewhat in the form of a pavillion. Those domes viewed at a proper distance have a fine effect, and contrast

truss surprisingly well with the cupolas and the four belfrys in the church.

The whole of that chief front is really as noble as art could possibly make it. The gate in the middle of it has on each side an insulated column of a kind of granite found somewhere in this country which is little inferior to the Egyptian. Each column was cut out of a single block, and each is about three fathoms in circumference.

On each side of that gate there is a portico supported by other fine columns, and ornamented with several gigantic statues made at Rome by excellent masters. However the porticos seemed to me rather too small for those statues, or the statues too big for the porticos.

But what struck me most on that side of the edifice, is the ascent to the church. That ascent takes up the best part of the space between the edifice and the village, and the wide semicircular steps of it make it

it appear so very grand, that I question whether we have in Italy any thing of the kind that can be compared to it.

The roof of the apartments and the church, exclusive of the pavilion, the cupola, and the belfrys, is laid out in a kind of terrace that commands an extensive prospect. The belfrys contain a hundred and sixty bells of various sizes, and upon them many curious chimes are rung by means of some engines which are contained in two towers beneath. But it is impossible to give an idea of those engines without a number of drawings. It is enough to tell you, that they have cost near a million of crusadoes. They are in fact the greatest object of curiosity in the whole place, and the art of clock-making was, I think, quite exhausted in those two towers. So many wheels! So many springs, pivots, rods, some of brals and some of steel! Who would attempt a description? A vast deal of thinking has been lavish'd there: yet both the money

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and the ingenuity have been squander'd
to produce nothing else but some bell-
music, which must prove disgusting if it
last more than three minutes.

There are, amongst many fine parts,
two court-yards there, that are surround-
ed by the finest porticos I ever saw;
finer than the *Procuratie Nove* at Venice.
The porticos support several apartments
for the officers of state when the court is
there. Those apartments as well as those
of their Majesties, communicate with
that part of the building which has been
allowed to the friars.

That part consists of three dormitories,
a refectory, an infirmary, a kitchen, a
library, and some other places.

One of the three dormitories I take to
be about three hundred common steps in
length, and wide enough for ten men to
walk abreast. They say that the cells
on each side of the three dormitories are
about six hundred: nor are they narrow
and low as in all other Franciscan con-

vents, but spacious and high vaulted: so that each might as well be termed a room fit for any Roman prelate to live in. However the mass-friars there, are not so numerous as the cells. They are but three hundred, and the lay-friars a hundred and fifty.

The furniture of each cell (those of the mass-friars I mean) consists of a narrow uncover'd bed, (not very soft) a table, a few chairs, a shelf for books, and very little else. The lay-friars have no shelves, as the best part of them cannot read.

As to the refectory, it is a glorious thing. The table that runs through it, admits of more than a hundred and fifty people on each side. By this you may judge of its length: yet there is room enough left at one end of it for another table, at which the king will sometimes dine with some of his grandees.

As I entered the refectory a little before the friars went to dinner, the cloth was laid; and I could not help taking notice, that

that for every two they have a mug which contains about two bottles of wine. Those mugs are all alike, of white earthen-ware, with the arms of the King on each. Besides the mugs, there are trenchers of *Brasil*-wood, one for every two friars, with six figs upon it, two bunches of grapes, and two lemons. The rest of their dinner (I have not seen it) consists of three good dishes, fat or meagre as the day happens to be. Each friar has a wheaten loaf that weighs about a pound. Should they want more, they ask for more.

When the three hundred *Padres* are at dinner, the hundred and fifty lay-friars wait behind with the greatest respect. It is the King that furnishes them with that food which makes them all look so florid and jolly. Such faces I never saw in my life, not even in the pictures of *Paul Veronese*, who delighted in painting friars handsome.

They say that the maintenance of this great family costs the King no less than two hundred thousand crusadoes a year: nor do I think it an exaggeration, considering that at the rate of thirty-two good teeth for each mouth, there are above fourteen thousand teeth a-going twice a day the whole year round. Then there is the additional expence of their morning-chocolate, their cloaths, their firing, their great consumption of wax in the church and in the cells: the candles and lamps in their dormitories and kitchen, besides many other articles tedious to enumerate. What costs but little, is their infirmary; but it must be observ'd that when any of them begins to grow old or turns sickly, he is sent to some other convent, and one young and healthy substituted in his room. Their infirmary I have not seen, nor their kitchen. Their library takes up a very large hall, besides a pretty large room. The hall contains

contains little less than seventy thousand volumes, and the room about ten thousand, as I was told. Amongst these last there are as many Portuguese books as could possibly be collected. I looked over the labels of a long quarto-shelf on the right hand as you go in, and saw that they were all genealogical. If the authors of those quartos have adhered to truth, no nation under the sun is so well apprised of their ancestors as this. There is scarce a family of any note throughout the kingdom but what can boast of an historian, and may have had more than one. Hence (foreigners say) that noble elevation of mind which makes the Portuguese look with the greatest disdain upon all other nations and despise every thing that is not Portuguese: and hence perhaps (I say myself) the source of that immense rage which invaded the whole soul of the Duke *D'Aveiro*, and induced him to commit one of those actions, which never failed to bring ruin upon their

their perpetrators, as the historian of all times and nations will tell us. That Duke could not bear with patience to have a few pages of this genealogical book blotted by any body.

Besides that vast number of genealogies in quarto and other sizes, there are in that lesser library many histories of the Portuguese conquests in various parts of the ultramarine world. Then follow the theological and devotional books, which are far from being few. This to me is a proof that the Portuguese are pious and skilful in divinity. But what abounds there without measure, are the lives of Saints, male and female, foreign and domestic. They say that St. Anthony alone has above a hundred volumes on those shelves, each telling his achievements in a different manner. No Alexander, no Augustus, no King of Prussia ever was honoured with so much biography as good St. Anthony.

According

According to the Father Librarian, that lesser library is much more valuable than the greater. And in one respect he is certainly right. The books in the greater may be procured for love or money; but not those in the lesser, because Portuguese books are become very scarce ever since the earthquake. The fire that follow'd it, has destroyed many public and private libraries in this metropolis, and a Portuguese book of any note is now become as dear as a ruby.

However the loss of Portuguese learning will scarcely be felt out of Portugal, as it never was in fashion any where, and will scarcely ever be. Few are the writers of this country who ever had a name abroad. *Ossorio* the Latin historian is certainly a name much considered in the literary world, and that of *Camoens*, the Portuguese Epic, has travelled beyond *Allentejo* and *Estremadura*. Yet the works of these two are more commended than read. Our Italian friars extol one of

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their sacred orators called *Vieira*, and put him upon a par with our *Segneri*. But I have not the greatest opinion of our friars' taste in point of oratory. I have opened one of *Vieira's* volumes in that library, and chance directed my eyes upon the proem of a sermon, in which the perfections of the circular figure are pompously enumerated; after which the *Lusitanian Cicero* (as his countrymen call him) proceeds to tell his audience, that *if the Supreme Being was to show himself under any geometrical figure, that would certainly be the circular in preference to the triangular, the square, the pentagonal, the duodecagonal, or any other known to the geometricians.* What could I do after having read such a proem, but hastily replace the book on the shelf? However *Vieira's* works must have power, as they are much esteemed by a great number of people, and I wish I had time to spare, to see in what that power consists.

Before

Before I went to *Mafra* I had heard of a Portuguese version of *Metastasio's* Operas, and asked of the Father Librarian to show it me. But he had it not, nor had as yet heard of it. And what do you think that version is? I am assured that the translator has given the *Metastasian* heroes many livery-servants, who take possession of the scene as fast as their respective masters go off, and have dialogues of their own with the chambermaids and nurses of the heroines. You laugh! But what fault can you find in *Achilles* having a running footman, *Semiramis* a dry-nurse, or *Deidamia* a little prating hussy of a cook-maid who bids the negro-boy to carry the chocolate up to his mistress? If this is the dramatic taste in Portugal, a version of *Goldoni's* works would make the Portuguese full as happy, as the text does the Venetian gondoliers.

The Portuguese have a dictionary of their own language which is much commended both by themselves and by fo-

reigners. But it was not the work of a native. Father *Bluteau*, a French Jesuit, compiled it. It is printed in eight or nine large quarto volumes. I wanted to buy it, but so many volumes are too cumbersome for a traveller; besides that the earthquake has put the price of it almost out of the reach of my purse.

I skimm'd over several other Portuguese books in the space of four hours that I passed in that library. In a medical one I read of a remedy for sore eyes, which seems no less excellent than singular. *The person thus afflicted, says the Portuguese physician, must neither read nor look on any white wall.* The good-natured Librarian was in raptures to see me so inquisitive about the learning of his country; but if I am allowed to draw inferences from the little I pick'd up there, the most famed Portuguese writers are at best but equal to our *Achillini's* and *Ciampoli's* in verse, and to our *Giuglari's* and *Tesauoro's* in prose, whose distorted way

way of thinking and turgidness of expression have procured the appellation of *Seccolo cattivo* to the last century, whenever we consider it in a literary light. Our

tumid *Calloandro's*, *Eromena's*, *Dianea's*, *Coralbo's*, and other books of that kind, seem translations from the Portuguese.

However, I wish again I had leisure to look for a few months into the learning of this country.

The large library at *Mafra* I had no time to examine. Yet I have seen enough of it to know that it is a very good one. Besides the best books in the learned languages, I am told that it contains some valuable manuscripts, particularly in Hebrew and in Arabic; and as I have seen several of the friars studying there, it is most probable that some of them are learned. But a traveller had need to stay a considerable time in such places, in order to come away with just ideas of the people, and this unluckily was not in my power at *Mafra*.

Let me now take my leave of the Father Librarian and enter the garden of the convent. It is pretty ample, considering that it has been in a manner cut out of the solid rock, and much of the earth in it transported from distant places. It has a large reservoir in the middle, besides several fountains. From some doors in the walls of it, you may enter the royal park enclosed likewise by a wall, which, they say, is fourteen or fifteen miles round. The little I saw of that park from the windows of the cells, far from being embellished by that verdure which smiles the whole year round in the parks of England, has very much the appearance of a parch'd and rocky desert thinly scattered with trees.

But it is the building that deserves all one's attention. Few edifices in Europe (perhaps not ten) stand so majestick upon the face of the globe. The original architect was a German who had been bred at Rome; and a very dilated genius he must

must have had to imagine so vast a fabrick and adjust all the parts of it in so noble and convenient a manner as he has done.

The first stone of it was laid in 1717, if I am rightly informed; and yet some of its internal parts are not quite finished, though more than six thousand workmen were constantly employed upon it during the first twenty years, besides numberless artists in Rome and other parts.

It is but lately that the number of those workmen has been considerably diminished. At present there are but two hundred.

The occasion of the building of it, was a vow made by the archdutchess who married King John V. On her approaching the coast of Portugal the first land she spy'd was the hills of *Mafra* and the first favour she asked of her royal spouse was, that he would erect a temple there to the Virgin Mary and St. Anthony, to whose joint protection she owned herself indebted for her safe landing in Por-

tugal, His Majesty, the most friar-ridden King that ever existed, easily granted her request. He went even so far beyond it, as to add the palace, the convent, the garden, and the park, that he might duly honour the whole spot that was blest'd by the first glance of his august Bride. An odd piece of gallantry! As there are immense quarries of beautiful marbles and hard stones all over the neighbourhood of *Mafra*, the good Queen had the satisfaction before she died to see the edifice far advanced and decorated with more than fifty gigantick statues.

LETTER XXX.

No learning in a second life. Ignorance of knowing men. Organs and clock-work. Moorish ornaments.

Lisbon, Sept. 13, 1769. in the Evening.

AFTER having leisurely visited the royal convent, I was taken back to the church by the King's organ-maker

maker, who wanted to show me the internal parts of one of the six organs.

Those parts I have examined with the greatest attention, and the use of each I have heard most minutely explained. But my ignorance of the organ-making-art is such, that I dare not venture upon the least sketch of a description. How negligent have I been not to have bestowed a single thought in the space of forty years upon tubes and bellows, that I might easily conceive how a vast variety of enchanting sounds is drawn from them! But too many are the things that a man ought to have studied to be properly qualified for a writer of travels.

Most people, when they consider the opportunities they have neglected of enlarging knowledge which it was a thousand times in their power to enlarge, have got a conceit that, were they to begin life a-new, they would apply with the keenest eagerness and most stubborn resolution to all sciences, and fill up their

minds with whatever was known in this world ever since the days of *Pythagoras* and *Aristotle*.

But such speculatists have no right notions of things, in my opinion. Let our lives be ever so protracted, and our application ever so unremitted, I think it is providential that we are not early sensible of the much that there is for us to learn, and of the little that we can learn. Was this not the case, we would be scared away from the approaches of knowledge, and, instead of acquiring the little which we do, it is my firm opinion that we would never have courage to set about acquiring any.

Indeed it is lucky that we begin our voyage through the ocean of learning quite unconscious of its immensity, otherwise our poor hearts would fail us at once, and we would do like the lazy wench, who having the house to clean, the beds to make, the dishes to wash, and the dinner to dress, grew so desperate,

rate, that she ran up to the garret, threw herself on her bed, and fell asleep.

Such is the train of ideas that my ignorance about organ-making has produced. What a contempt must that artist have conceived of me, on his finding me so little instructed in so noble a science! Yet I have this comfort, that his contempt would have reached many a greater man, as many there are who, like myself, are quite ignorant of things much below that of organ-making. How various are the scholars in the various universities of Europe who eat bread twice or thrice a-day, and yet are utter strangers to the art of baking? How many those, who are perpetually dipping their quills in a standish, and yet know not how common ink is made? How many who are shaved every morning, and never thought to enquire about the ingredients that compose soap?

I recollect a story to this purpose which seems to me worth relating. Three English

lith wits, *Walsh*, *Wycherley*, and *Pope*, walking together along the side of a field, were once engaged in a dispute about a blade of grass which one of them chanced to pick up. This is a most beautiful blade of *wheat*, said one of them; I never saw a finer! It is no wheat at all, said the other; I take it to be *rye*. Fy upon you both, interrupted the third, it is neither *rye* nor *wheat*, but it is *oats* as sure as I am alive. *Miller* the Botanist happen'd to go by as they began to look cross upon each other. They ask'd him; and so it happen'd that none of the three was right.

The greatest part of what we call men of learning, are ignorant of the most common things, and philosophers might learn from the very lowest of the people more than some of them imagine: I must therefore not fret because an organ-maker has taken me for a blockhead: He was right so far as he went.

The

The name of this man is *Eugene Nicholas Egan*, a native of Ireland. He is scarce four foot high ; but what body he has is all alive. He has obtained his place at *Majra* neither by chance nor protection, but by dint of skill. The King had caused eight famous organ-makers to come to Portugal from Italy, Germany, and other parts ; and he whose organ should prove best, was to have that place. You may well imagine that each strove to conquer his rivals. But the immortal *Castrato Caffarello*, together with the celebrated composer *David Perez*, having been deputed to judge of their several performances, unanimously decided in favour of little *Egan's*, and of course he had the place. His salary proved afterwards not so ample as he expected : but what is a salary to a genius ? He has defeated his enemies ; he has seen them quit Portugal with shame.

After having shewn me his organ, play'd a good while upon it, and repeatedly

edly touched a treble which is an invention of his own, he took me to see the best friend he has in *Mafra*, the man who rings the bells of the royal convent. You are not to laugh when I tell you that I had the honour to pay a visit to His Majesty's bell-ringer, who is as great a man as ever pulled the ropes of a bell, and as eminent in his way as *Plato* was in his own. Besides that he can make those bells sound in regular subordination, he can also ring so many curious chimes upon them, that he delights the whole court. But what constitutes him a great man and a genius, are two instruments he has invented, one form'd of many bits of wood, the other of many bits of brick. Those bits he lays down in a particular order upon a table: then takes up two small wooden hammers, and plays upon them. What sweetness is contained in wood and bricks! Upon both he plays the very best overtures of *Handel* and the most difficult lessons of

Scar-

Scarlatti. Master *Egan*, who has himself added a new treble to the Organ, and of course is a proper judge of these matters, honours and loves this man, though but a Bell-ringer, and is not jealous of his abilities, because they do not interfere with his own.

The sun was going down apace when I took my leave of those two wonderful men. I shook hands with the bell-ringer and could not help embracing the pretty dwarf.

The road between *Mafra* and *Cintra* is still such as it was after the flood when the waters subsided, and I alighted twenty times from my chaise for fear of being overturned. I saw on both sides the road in many places many stone-blocks and marble-columns, as the quarries are there that have furnished the materials for the Royal Convent. It was dark when I reached *Cintra*, and my Negro took me to *the English Inn*; so called because it is chiefly kept up by a society of

English merchants, who go thither from *Lisbon*, either upon pleasure or to buy up oranges and lemons. When those merchants are there, they get the best rooms, and with a very good reason, as they have fitted it themselves for their own reception.

It happen'd that the whole house was full on my arrival, and as it was too late to procure any lodging, I was oblig'd to sleep upon the mentioned piece of canvas in a neighbouring house. But on my return from the *Cork-convent* the merchants were gone, and I had an excellent bed.

It is now time to tell you, that, before the earthquake, *Cintra* was very well worth a visit. A royal palace was there which is now almost destroy'd. They say that it was many centuries ago one of the country-seats of the *Moorish* Kings that wrested *Portugal* and *Spain* from the hands of the *Vandals*, who had themselves wrested both countries from those of the
Romans.

Romans. *Moorish* or not *Moorish*, I see by its ruins, as well as by what remains standing, that it was once a great palace. There are still three of its halls to be seen. The ceiling of each is divided into little spaces that have animals painted in them. But each ceiling had but one animal allotted towards its ornament; and thus one contains nothing else but so many *swans*, the other nothing else but *stags*, and the third nothing else but *magpies*. An odd taste of decoration, especially as the *swans*, the *stags*, and *magpies* are uniform, and the posture of each the same as that of the next. Each *swan* has a golden chain round his neck; each *stag* supports a coat of arms on his back; and each *magpye* has the words *per ben* written by her side; which words, preceded by that of *Piga*, form an allusive *Moorish* quibble I have already forgot.

The walls of the three halls are incrustated with square pieces of marble of two different colours disposed chequer-

wife, and so are the floors. On the ground-floor there is a small room where before the earthquake water was made to spout from many little pipes concealed in the walls on the touching of a spring; and this is almost all that is left of that *Moorish* palace. They are rebuilding it, and the King will have it restored to its ancient form. A laudable thought, as posterity will still see what was the *Moorish* taste in architecture.

From the windows of the hall where the stags are painted, there is a fine prospect; but I am sick of prospects, and will give you no further description of any. If you love prospects, get upon steeples.

The royal convent at *Mafra* has not suffer'd much by the earthquake. The friars made me observe, that the little round members over the plinths of the two great columns on each side the gate of the church, were crack'd and partly broken off. But that was almost all the
damage

damaged the Building has undergone, though the trepidation of the ground was so great, that some of the friars were thrown upon their faces as they were kneeling in the choir, and many people in the church stumbled against each other. Had the building inclined but an inch or two more, it would probably have gone down all at once and crush'd them all in that instant.

I take now my leave of *Cintra*, of the beautiful spot it stands upon, of the remaining halls of the *Moorish* palace, and of the high hills in that neighbourhood, where many English and many Portuguese have pretty country-houses. I am told that not far from thence there is a spot of ground about a league in length and a mile broad, all planted with oranges and lemons, whose flowers in due season perfume a vast tract of country. They call it the valley of *Collares*, and compare it to the garden of *Eden*. In all probability, had I gone to see it, I

should have compared it to the territory of *San Remo* on the Ligurian coast.

As I came from *Centra* towards *Lisbon* I saw some other parts of that Aqueduct that goes over the valley of *Alcántara*. I saw likewise some agreeable *Quintas*; that is, *Country-houses* belonging to the Portuguese nobility and gentry. Yet in general the country which I have seen during this short ramble, is rocky and barren.

LETTER XXXI.

People forbidden to talk. Robbers and not Murtherers. Concussion from east to west. Barraca's. Blacks and their progenies. Jews and their perverseness. Creaking of wheels.

Lisbon, Sept. 15, 1765.

MY enquiries here have not merely been limited to customs and manners, to palaces and convents. I have done my utmost to collect genuine information

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formation about the several transactions which have lately turned the eyes of all Europe to this country, and you would admire my industry if I were to apprise you of all my endeavours to find the true motive of the Duke *D'Aveiro's* crime, the expulsion of the Jesuits, the banishment of the King's natural brothers, the unprecedented harsh treatment to Cardinal *Acciajoli*, and the exaltation of Don Bastin Joseph *de Carvalho* to the very summit of power.

These subjects are certainly worth inquiry, especially as care has been taken to throw a veil over them, which will obstruct future historians. But my diligence of search has not been much rewarded. This government has forbidden every body to make these, and other current matters, the topics of their conversation: the prohibition subjects the transgressors to such severe penalties, and so many have already been thrown into jail upon this account, that the poor souls

are quite frightened at the mere mention of some names: nor is it easy to bring any native to disclose his opinion about any thing that looks political, though forwardness to decide and love of talking are two of the chief ingredients in the character of the Portuguese. As for the few particularities which I have been able to glean from foreigners, they are so full of uncertainty, contradiction, and evident partiality, that instead of making them any part of my letters, it will be better to save them for oral entertainment.

But I cannot quit this country without saying a few words more of the Jesuits. From a brother who writes from *Portugal*, you have a kind of right to expect his opinion of them, as well as of the proceedings of this government against them.

As you are well acquainted with my way of thinking on several particulars, you will possibly imagine that I approve

of those proceedings, and that I consider these pretended *Companions of Jesus* as a gang of traitors always ready to stab Sovereigns and overthrow kingdoms, as they are considered by numberless people throughout Europe. But, whatever be the opinion of others, I never could do them so much honour as to think them possessed of that steadiness of soul which is required to venture upon such great and bold acts of wickedness. I have often watched them as an Order, and have likewise been intimately acquainted with a good number of their individuals; but have always found them (as well as all other Friars) so poorly pusillanimous, as to be thoroughly persuaded that a man of common courage might drive a dozen of them to the end of the world with a cudgel. Their constant way of life, as it keeps them at a great distance from all sorts of danger, enervates their minds, and, instead of enterprise and intrepidity, infuses into them a female spirit of

meekness and obsequiousness, with a plentiful mixture of dissimulation and hypocrisy. Not one of the many I have known, but partook more or less of this character.

With such a notion of them, produced by many years of observation and reflection, I have read a good many of those books lately written against them with a view to make them all be considered as Conspirators, Traitors, and Regicides by principle and system. But too much of malicious disingenuity is contained in those books. Far from having been convinced by the reasons offered in them, I do not even believe that they have had a hand in the attempt of *D' Aveiro*, for which I can very well account in a simple manner, and without having recourse to marvellous complicated plots. The very proceedings of this Government against them have rivetted my incredulity as to their having partaken in that attempt; nor is it possible

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to conceive, that a large body of such men as I know them to be, cunning, cautious, and fearful, would enter into a conspiracy headed by a haughty, imprudent, and desperate man such as *D' Aveiro*, and composed of men and women of different ages and conditions; which conspiracy, had it even proved successful, would still, and at the very best, have left them just where they were and as they were.

But let us grant for argument's sake that some few (or many if you will) have entered into that conspiracy. Where was the difficulty to hang those few (or many) after a trial not secret, not mysterious, but fair and open to the whole nation? Not one Jesuit has as yet been put to death upon this account, but all have been exported out of the country and banished it for ever, without the least discrimination between the innocent and the guilty; which levelling execution I cannot at all reconcile with my ideas of equity

equity and justice. It is true that old *Malagrida* and two or three more (none of them Portuguese, but all Italians, which is remarkable) have been detained and thrown into jail. They have now been above two years (a) in the inquisition. But what has the inquisition to do with regicides, if this government is persuaded that regicides they are? Why have they not been hanged with the Duke *D' Aveiro* and the other conspirators? The power that could easily banish thousands, could as easily hang a dozen or two, or as many as you will. Why was this not done? Who could hinder it? The pope? The people? Some foreign power? No. The whole world would have approved of the punishment inflicted upon convicted regicides. And why is recourse had to the pens of mercenary writers,

(a) Long after the date of this letter poor *Malagrida* has been burnt as an Heretick, charged amongst other things of having written while in the prisons of the Inquisition, that the Virgin Mary spoke Latin when still in St. Ann's womb. I know not what is become of his brother regicides.

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and so much pains taken to blacken the whole order, when its guilty individuals were completely within the reach of avenging justice? Why are such efforts made *abroad* to make the world believe that they are a set of villains, when *at home* no body is allowed to speak either good or ill of them? That each Jesuit is a downright villain, always ready at the nod of his general, his provincial, his rector, or his prefect, to turn traitor, to turn conspirator, to turn King-killer, is an assertion that may be credited by enthusiasts, and by those who hate without knowing why, whose number is larger than vulgar observers are aware of; but never will be credited by men of sober thinking, by men acquainted with the varieties of our tempers and inclination, by men who have remarked how perfectly impossible it is to bring a vast number of individuals to think and act as one man.

My opinion of the Jesuits' society is therefore this, that they are obnoxious to
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the great society of mankind, not because they are traitors and regicides by principle and system, but because they are indefatigable accumulators of riches which they do not want. Their maintenance requires but little, as they live in community, feed poorly, dress poorly, and lodge poorly. What need have they to plunder their neighbours with their trade and banking, and hoard up treasures and treasures, when they lead a mean life and cannot by institution lead a better? Why are they for ever hunting after inheritance, always (or almost always) to the prejudice of lawful heirs? What will they do with those treasures? Or if they have any good reason (which is inconceivable) for acting in this manner, why do they not tell it aloud?

Indeed if they are to be annihilated, this avarice of theirs is more than a sufficient motive. But, instead of going this way to work, and call them *Robbers*, which may be done with justice, as the

desire of robbing is the true and notorious spirit of their order, great trouble is taken by means of the press at *Lucca, Venice, Lugano*, and other places, to cry them down as *Murderers*, which in the nature of things cannot be the spirit of a large body.

Besides the spirit of robbing, there is that of domineering, which might have been an article of accusation against them. This is another of their true and notorious characteristics, that has long made them odious to all men of sense and probity. What need have they of influence and authority in the states where they are established, and even in the states where they have no establishment at all; that is, in those countries, which we, perhaps with too much acrimony, call heretical? How are influence and authority in any state to be reconciled with that profession which obliges them to eat, dress, and lodge poorly, as I said, and tread in the footsteps of HIM whose companions they

they call themselves? Why do they ever shun the houses of the poor, where religious men ought always to be assisting and comforting? And what business have they in the palaces of the great, where they are perpetually intruding? What are they doing in the courts of princes, where they are incessantly endeavouring to get a greater and greater footing? Many and many times has my indignation been raised to see them there, smiling, bowing, whispering, fawning, caballing, and intriguing ten thousand times more than the meanest courtiers.

But of these and other matters * *Ragionerem più adagio insieme poi*, as the Evangelist said to *Astolfo*. Mean while, as the hour of departure is approaching, I have employed yesterday and to-day in visiting over again and a-foot the ruins of this metropolis, and those many clusters of habitations, which have been built for the reception of those unfortunate creatures

* *Aristote.*

tures whom the earthquake has bereft of their homes.

Of those ruins I have already tried to give you some idea : but I must again recommend to you not to forget when you read that description, that words cannot come up to so vast a scene of horrible desolation.

By comparing the topography of these ruins (both in the town and country) with a map of Portugal, it appears that the main force of that memorable concussion was collected in a narrow line from East to West ; and that the chief mischief, caused by it, fell upon those buildings that happened to lie along that line : so that it was not the solidity of its walls that saved the great edifice at *Mafra* from destruction, but its being at some distance from the course of the motion. Had this not been the case, that edifice could never have escaped the violence which shattered the stony sides of the high hill near *Cintra*, and made some of
its

its cliffs roll down into the subjacent plain.

When the fury of the earthquake subsided, and the universal distraction was in some measure appeased, the inhabitants of *Lisbon* hastened to raise all about the neighbouring hills such temporary walls and roofs, as could immediately screen them from the severe weather that succeeded the immense calamity, and have progressively built several small villages composed of small houses and cottages, some of wood and some of brick, which are very pretty to look at, as they are regularly disposed, and as it is the general custom here to whitewash the outside of all their dwellings.

Those small houses and cottages they call *Barraca's*: a very proper appellation, as this word, which has got admission in almost all the languages of Europe, means in them all *A very small habitation for man.*

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In crossing those parts of the town which have not been demolished, it was impossible not to take notice of the nastiness of the streets. The abominable stink, and the vast heaps that cause it, render many of those streets impassable. I am told that there are rigid laws against the infamous practice of throwing any filth down the windows : but what are laws when there is no power to enforce their execution?

One of the things that most surprise a stranger as he rambles about this town, is that great number of Negroes who swarm in every corner.

Many of these unhappy wretches are natives of Africa, and many born of African parents, either in Portugal or in its ultramarine dominions. No ship comes from those regions without bringing some of either sex ; and, when they are here, they are allowed to marry not only among themselves, but also with those of a different colour. These cross-marriages have

filled the country with different breeds of human monsters. A black and a white produce a *mulatto*. Then a mulatto joins with a black or a white, and two other creatures are engendered, both called *mestices*. Then the *mestices white* join with the *mestices black*, or with true blacks, true white, or mulattos; and all branch out into so many and various kinds, that it becomes very difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish them by peculiar names, though they are all discriminated by their peculiar hues.

To such a degree the original breed is here depraved, that to be a *Blanco*; that is, a *perfect white*, is become a title of honour: so that when a Portuguese says that he is a *Blanco*, you are not to understand that he is a *white man*, which is the real signification of the word; but that he is an honest man, a man of honour, a man of family, a man of consequence and importance.

To

To all these mongrel mixtures you may add the Jewish. Portugal abounds with Jews who personate Christians, and often intermarry both with the white and the other generations. You will easily comprehend that this cannot much contribute towards the farther improvement of those genealogies which make so good a figure on the shelves of the library at *Mafra*.

These strange combinations have filled this town with such a variety of odd faces, as to make the traveller doubt whether *Lisbon* is in Europe; and it may be foreseen, that in a few centuries not a drop of pure Portuguese blood will be left here, but all will be corrupted between Jews and Negroes, notwithstanding their most holy tribunal of the sacred inquisition.

To obviate one of the two evils (which might both be removed by a secular tribunal) the inquisition is always upon the watch to discover the Jews; and when

any is found out, you know how he is treated. Tell an inquisitor that you are a Jew because it has pleased God to make you a Jew, and that you do not think yourself entitled to undo what God has done, the good Father will throw you into the fire as sure as if you were a chip.

But as one evil breeds another, the incessant diligence of the inquisition to detect the Jews, makes them redouble their arts of concealment, and (what completes the blessing) multiplies superstition and encreases hypocrisy. Hence it happens that numbers of both sexes, and of all ages and conditions, go about with long rolaries between their thumb and fingers, muttering *paters* and *aves*, that they may be deemed Christians if they are Jews, or not be mistaken for Jews if they are Christians.

How the Jews can bear to live amidst incessant danger, is utterly inconceivable. There is a stubborn perverseness in their defying the law of Portugal that almost justifies

justifies the inquisitorial rage. Would you not fly into a passion and roll down-stairs the impudent fellow who was resolved to stay in your own house in spite of your teeth?

In my long walk of yesterday and to-day, I have entered a good number of artists' shops, and found to my no small surprise that they belong mostly to strangers. One would be apt to suspect that the industry of this nation is not great; and the suspicion will encrease, when you are told that linen, woollen-cloth, silk-stuffs, and almost all other productions of the loom, are by the Portuguese imported from abroad, though they have at home many of the materials. This is also the case with regard to all sorts of steel, copper, and brass-work, except what is used in mean houses; that is, what does not require much perfection of workmanship. Would you believe that even their shoes they procure from England and from France? I am told that the

few who will have shoes made on purpose for their own feet, must apply to the few foreign shoemakers scattered about this town, and submit to pay exorbitant prices. Even taylors are foreigners for the greatest part; at least those who are most in vogue; and as to French barbers and hair-dressers, they swarm here as well as in England. Statuaries, architects, and engravers they never had of any note. As to painters they can boast but of one, *Alonso Sanchez Coello*, a disciple of our great *Raphael*, and a favourite of Philip II, who used to call him *Titian the second*. He was employed by that King in the *Escorial*, which he contributed to adorn. His name is more known to the Italians than to the Portuguese.

I will not omit to say that I wanted a plan of this town to help myself in my excursions; but was assured that such a thing had never been thought on, though considering its extent and the great resort of strangers, one would think that many
by

by the probability of profit might be tempted to make it.

To range about such a wide scene of curiosity as this metropolis and its neighbourhood, gives certainly much satisfaction to an inquisitive pair of eyes. But if my eyes are pleased, my ears pay for it by a torment peculiar to the country, which I have suffered every day since my arrival, holidays excepted.

This torment is caused by the creaking of the cart-wheels. I question whether the stink of the dirtiest streets is not more supportable to the nostrils than that shrillness to the ears. The cart-wheels here are made out of two boards nailed together, and clumsily cut in a circular form. Yet the painful noise they make might be obviated, would carmen but grease their axles: but they say that the devil would then do mischief to their oxen, and that noise frightens him away. Did you ever hear a better reason for sparing grease? *Saavedra* in his *Don Quixote*,

taken notice of his countrymen's opinion about the noise of cart-wheels; "*dentuyo*" "*chirria aspero y continuado se dize che*" "*huyen los lobos y los ossos*," by whose grating and incessant shrillness they say that wolves and bears are put to flight. If this Spanish notion is not warranted by experience, probability will render it excusable; but the Portuguese have still higher expectations from the noise of a cart-wheel. I

These and many other observations have as yet given me no great idea of the common sense of this nation; and as I have brought no recommendatory letters to introduce me to the higher class, where I might find something to make me amends for the little pleasure I have in observing the lower, I have resolved to stay no longer here; and I hope that not more than one of my letters will be dated from this metropolis.

I will conclude this with an exclamation made by an Italian friend of mine

on

on his landing here after an absence like
mine from his native country. *Quantité*

presidi Quanti fratres Quanti Multi civitas "

[illegible]

LETTER XXXII.

An important dialogue. Parade of Know-

ledge. Jesuits way of teaching.

These proceedings will render it excusa-

Lisbon, Sept. 16, 1760.

I Quit Lisbon to-morrow. My pass-

ports are dispatched, and I have just

signed the bargain with the *Caleffeiros* who

are to carry me to Madrid in fifteen days.

I take Batiste with me. My farewell

compliments to the British Ambassador,

the English nuns, the Genoese capuchins,

and some other people, are all paid, and

my things are pack'd up: so that to-

morrow-night I shall sleep on the other

side of the *Tagus*. Let me now write

my last letter from *Lisbon*.

I have already given you to understand,

that my opinion of the Portuguese litera-

ture is very low; and a few additional

ob-

observations, which I have had occasion to make this morning on this subject, have not heighten'd that opinion. But before I give you those observations, let me translate a *Dialogue* out of a Portuguese book.

QUESTION. Don Joseph the first, whose son is he?

ANSWER. Of King John V. and Queen Maria Anna of Austria.

Qu. In what year was he born?

Ans. In 1714.

Qu. On what day?

Ans. The sixth of June.

Qu. When and by whom was he baptized?

Ans. Aug. 29, of the same year by Cardinal de Cugna.

Qu. Whom has he married?

Ans. Being still Prince of Brasil, he married the most serene Infanta of Spain Dona Mariana Victoria.

Qu. Who brought about this marriage?

Ans.

ANS. Antony Guedes de Pereira while he was envoy at the court of Madrid.

QU. Who went to fetch in due form the most serene lady Infanta?

ANS. Dom Rodrigo Eanes de Sà Marquis of Abrantes.

QU. When did this Lady reach Portugal?

ANS. On January 19, 1729.

QU. When did she enter Lisbon?

ANS. On Feb. 12, of the same year.

QU. When did King Joseph the First begin to reign?

ANS. On the last of July 1750.

QU. When was he proclaimed?

ANS. On Sept. 7. of the same year.

QU. How many children has he?

ANS. He has four daughters, who are the Lady Princess of Brasil Dona Maria Frances Isabel; the Lady Infanta Dona Maria Anna Frances; the Lady Infanta Dona Maria Frances Dorothy; and the Lady Infanta Dona Maria Frances Benedicta.

And

And with this fine Dialogue ends a Portuguese book printed in 1750, intit-
tled *Instrução de Principiantes, &c.* that
is, "An Instruction to Beginners, and a
"new Method by which the first Letters
"are to be learned, for the Use of Schools,"
&c.

This book was composed by the pro-
fessors of the royal school which goes by
the name of *As Escolas de Nossa Senhora
das Necessidades*; that is, *The Schools of our
Lady of the Necessities*; to which schools
(or school) the Portuguese parents who
intend to give a liberal education to their
children, must send them, as no other
school is here permitted either public or
private.

(Soon after my arrival I inquired whe-
ther in *Lisbon* there was an university;
and was informed that these schools were
here in the stead of an university. Being
desirous to form some acquaintance with
the professors there, I sent (directed for
the

the heads of the schools) a large sheet of ancient Greek characters, collected and methodically disposed by a very learned Englishman called *Morton*, and published in London not long before my departure.

The sheet was accompanied with as civil a letter as I could possibly put together; and it proved an agreeable present, if I am to believe two of those professors who came to me three days after, to return me thanks in their own and their colleague's name.

You may well think that I received them with very submissive civility, and my respect prevailed upon them to stay dinner with me. During a good part of the afternoon they prattled with a volubility, which (as far as I have observed) is characteristical to the Portuguese. It was pretty visible that they both wanted to impose themselves upon me for mighty learned men, and to make me conceive a great opinion of their schools, of their

coun-

country, and of themselves. However, their learning seem'd to me not great, and their manner of conveying it by much too pompous. Their discourse was plentifully larded with such Latin sentences as are in every school-boy's mouth, and the names of *Tully* and *Virgil* graced too many of their periods. They had some distant glimmering of the French literature, and had heard the names of *Moliere* and *Boileau*; but with regard to that of Italy and of England, neither of them knew more than my negro. The sheet of Greek alphabets, which I had sent them, is hung up, they said, in one of their schools; but they honestly own'd that none of them meddled much with Greek.

My patience was nearly worn out when they left me, fully persuaded I suppose, that they had amazed me with the variety of their knowledge and the fluency of their elocution. Hearing that these were two of the chief professors *des Ne-*

cessitades. I found means to return the visit when I was sure of not finding them at home, and thought no further about them. However this morning they called on me again, on purpose to thank me again, as they said, for my present, which had been examined by their colleagues, and found to be *huma valerosa composiçao* (a noble composition), and as they had taken notice of my solicitude to inform myself of whatever was relative to their schools, they desired my acceptance of the book, out of which I have extracted the above dialogue, assuring me that it was one of the most elegant and learned *composiçaoes* in their language.

They were no sooner gone than I fell to reading it. It is divided into two parts nearly equal. The first is a most jejune abridgment of their history, from count *Dom Henrico* of Burgundy (who liv'd in the eleventh century) down to the present reign inclusively. The second part

is

is no more than the same abridgment thrown into dialogues, of which I have given you the last. The style of these is plain, because no art could make it otherwise; but as for that of the history (or abridgment) there are few things more thickly sown with over-strained thoughts and puerile conceits.

By the title I had mistaken it for a new-year's-gift to a child; yet I see by the preface, that they put it into the hands of those young men who from the school of humanity are advanced to that of rhetorick. How it can contribute to make young men rhetoricians, is beyond my comprehension; and if you review my faithful translation of the dialogue, you will agree with me, that such trifles ought to have been taught in the nursery, and not in a royal school of rhetorick. *Kelly's* boys, who are pupils to the younger of my visitors, have told me, that this and their other school-books must be learned by heart in each

respective school; for such is the method: and the scholars who neglect to commit their daily lessons to memory, are sure of punishment.

What I have further to remark on this subject is, that *as Escolas das Necessidades* is a Philippine convent, and of course the professors are Philippine friars. The Jesuits were formerly possessed of the exclusive privilege of teaching the youth of *Lisbon*; but soon after their expulsion this honour was conferred by the government upon the Philippines; and I am much mistaken if the poor lads are not fallen from the frying-pan into the fire.

It is a positive fact that in Italy the Jesuits have endeavoured to root out all literature. Before the institution of their order we had such a number of men eminent in various branches of science, from (a) Dante down to (b) Galileo, as few,

(a) Dante was born in 1265.

(b) Galileo died in 1642.

if any, of the modern nations can show. But as soon as the Jesuits got possession of our schools under the pretence of teaching our youth *gratis*, there was almost an end amongst us of historians, politicians, philosophers, and poets. The Jesuits began by discrediting the Greek tongue, and persuaded us that it was unnecessary. Then by means of their voluminous Latin grammars they rendered the acquisition of the Latin next to impossible, as it is almost impossible to learn a thing unknown by means of a thing equally unknown. They corrupted even our language, and caused such a deluge of equivocal wit to be poured over our writings of all kinds, that during their reign, that is, during the last century, we excited the ridicule of the neighbouring nations, in whom long before we had raised astonishment.

It was luckily for us that the Jesuits could never obtain admission into the university of Pisa, and that they were

not

not

not even allowed to teach in the inferior schools of Tuscany; so that it was at last in the power of the Tuscans and of *Galileo's* disciples and followers, to rescue us from barbarity, and restore the learning of Italy to purity and splendour. *Rinaldini, Aggiunti, the two Del Buono's, Viviani, Bellini, Torricelli, Redi*, and several other men, deliver'd us in a good measure from our false instructors; false with regard to us, though not to themselves, as they taught each other very well, and were themselves almost the only men of science throughout the country.

And here it may not be amiss to record, that amongst our Italian princes, it was our glorious king *Victor Amadeus* who first detected the deep-laid schemes of the Jesuits, and who first had the courage to strip them throughout his dominions of the exclusive privilege of teaching us. And it is originally to him that the greater part of the Italian states owe

the great blessing of having at present but a very few Jesuits for teachers,

In this country, however, it was not very judicious to substitute the Philip-pines to the Jesuits, if the Philipppines are for ignorance like those of Italy, as I am persuaded they are. But it is to be hoped that these reverend fathers have been only temporarily entrusted with this important charge, until the present disturbances are somewhat quieted. I am told, that this government intends to put the public schools into better regulations, and that a good number of truly learned men are soon to be procured from other countries: nay, I am positively assured, that old *Facciolati* the philologist, father *Frisi* the mathematician, and some other eminent men from Padua, Milan, and other parts of Italy, are expected to be soon here; that a new university is to be instituted in this town, into which some of the *Cohimbra*-professors are to be incorporated, and that ancient university totally suppressed. How

How much of truth there is in these reports, I have not been able to ascertain. Perhaps the day approaches, that the Portuguese will emerge from ignorance and superstition, and come up to a level with some other Catholic nations.

LETTER XXXIII.

*Fleas, rats, and other conveniencies Love
bribe in one place and liberty in another. De-
votion here and devotion there.*

Aldeagallega, Sept. 17, 1760.

THE poor traveller has quitted Lisbon to-day in the afternoon, in order to journey on to his native land.

The river *Tagus*, not three miles broad at the mouth, is full nine miles where I crossed it to-day: but the wind proved so favourable, that in about three hours I sailed over it in an open boat.

And here I am in the best inn (*Estalage* they call it here) of *Aldeagallega*. My apartment is nothing more than a

large room hung all round with fine broad cobwebs, and furnished with a narrow mat for its inhabitant to stretch his limbs upon, whenever he shall wish to go to sleep. Glass-windows this room has none; but instead of panes there are shutters so full of chinks, that all the children of Eolus may pass them. As for a bed, tables, chairs, pictures, and other things in use amongst Christians and Mahometans, here are none; and through the various clefts of the boards which form this floor, I expect that a multitude of rats will come out to-night to peep at me, and eat me perhaps, as the *Estallageira* has no victuals either for them or for any body else.

Such is the lodging I have got for to-night. But although the danger from the rats may be rather imaginary than real, yet it is evident that I shall not escape with a whole skin from the fleas, which run on all sides of this room in numerous squadrons, and seem impatiently

tiently to wait for my putting out the light that they may come and eat me.

However, upon this mat I shall not sleep. Batiste, who has travell'd much up and down this country, has bought me a large bag, which is to serve me instead of a bed as long as my journey through Portugal will last; and he is this minute come to tell me, that he has found dry straw sufficient to fill it; so that he is sure I shall pass a comfortable night upon it, with the help of the sheets and coverlet that he has likewise provided. As to food, we have brought with us fowls, hams, sausages, pies, cakes, and cheese; therefore neither of us shall meet with the dismal fate of *Jugurtha* after he fell into the hands of the merciless Romans.

And now, ye Queens of Parnassus, as a reward for my long past services, for which you never paid me, I beseech you to obtain from your friend Apollo, that to-morrow he be so kind as to bring day

over this region betimes, that I may
early see the way which leads travellers
from the most paltry inn of *Aldeagallega*.

A POSTSCRIPT.

Supper being over, and finding in my-
self an invincible reluctance to fall down
upon the straw-bag, I went to take a
short walk. The air is quite soft and
calm, and the moon shines bright. As
I was moving on with weary steps and
busy imagination, I found myself by the
side of the *Tagus*, which is within pistol-
shot of the *Estallage*. There I saw many
a happy couple, some sitting on the
bank, some walking backwards and for-
wards, all whispering, all hugging, all
enjoying each other in the cool of the
evening.

Good folks! said I to myself. What
sort of supper they have had I know not,
and probably their beds are no better
than that which Batiste has provided for
me! And yet they are happy in each
other's

other's kindness. Why do the English
 stun foreigners with their liberty? Is
 it not liberty to wander by the river-side
 at *Aldeagallega*, telling a gentle maid
 whatever comes uppermost, without a
 thought of ministry, politics, or faction?

Happy *Aldeagallegans*! go on in this
 way for ever, and never think nor enquire
 how the money of the nation is spent!

I had already taken notice that the
 Portuguese are of a disposition much more
 amorous than the English, and waited
 for an opportunity to tell you so. The
 inhabitants of this village walking thus
 lovingly *chacun avec sa chacune* have now
 given me that opportunity. But this is
 generally the case with all nations in
 warm climates. The natives of a cold
 region can scarcely have right notions of
 the effect of a warm temperature. In
 northern latitudes a good deal of cloathing
 and firing is required to pass life away
 with some comfort; and where cloath-
 ing and firing are much wanting, much
 thought

thought and much time must be spent to procure them. The case is somewhat different in those countries where fewer things are necessary to life. This is the reason why in England there are multitudes who have scarcely been in love once in their lives. Many a debauchee have I seen in England during ten years, but very seldom a true *innamorato*. In Portugal all are in love from the day of their nativity to that of their decease, and Camoens knew what he was about when he said

Venus bella

Afeyçoada a gente Lusitana.

"Fair Venus cherishes the Portuguese."

Love is the predominant passion on the Tagus, as Liberty on the Thames.

There are many more striking differences between the Portuguese and the English; but that amongst other which is most remarkable, is their different way of being devout, when by devotion we mean the outward show of religion, independent

dent of its spirit. See the English at church. They sit or stand with a composed look; sing their psalms and anthems with an even tone of voice; and not one in a hundred betrays the least enthusiasm, except a few of those two sects called *Methodists* and *Quakers*, who might be termed the Lusitanick part of the British nation.

The Portuguese on the contrary when at church, are devout to a superlative degree. They are almost all the time upon their knees raise their eyes wistfully up, fix the fingers of one hand closely between those of the other; sing very loud, or utter ejaculations with great earnestness, and often strike their breasts with their hands. Leave their churches and look at their houses. You will see many crosses painted on their outward walls. or a Madona, or a St. Francis, or a St. Anthony. Look at one of their friars coming in. Men, women, and children will hastily get up, run to him, and
humbly

humbly kiss his hand, or his sleeve, or the hem of his garment, or the beads that hang from his waist. Every evening you see them in numbers kneeling round a high crucifix planted in the middle of a street, singing litanies with their utmost power of voice. Then none of them dares to die without going through many preparatory rites, which is not the case in England: and when they are dead, they are buried dress'd up in a habit that must be bought of a Franciscan or a Dominican Friar, of whose sanctity they had a good opinion. I remember an impudent Portuguese Franciscan I met once in a boat as I was going down our *Po*, who looked upon all Italians as little less than heretics. What led him into this opinion was, that no body in Italy would give him a farthing for his coat, which in Portugal, he could sell at will for forty or fifty crowns.

What words can express the devotion of the Portuguese to the Virgin Mary?

The

The southern Italians scarcely rate her so high as the Portuguese : but the English never think of her. You may easily imagine that those who make nothing of the Virgin, make less than nothing of the Saints, which is not the case either in Italy or in Portugal. Yet the Portuguese revere them a great deal more than we do ; and above all you cannot conceive what sublime notions they have of St. Anthony ! The twelve apostles all together have not the hundredth part of the prayers directed to them that are to him. St. Anthony was a countryman of theirs ; and as such, they take it for granted that he will mind them more than any of the apostles or any other. But what business have they with St. Francis, who was our countryman, and, I think, never visited Portugal in his life ? Yet they put him upon a level with their own St. Anthony and even a degree higher, if we may judge by their *Francisco's* and *Francisca's*, who are much more numerous throughout their

their country than the *Antonio's* and *Antonias*. You may have a specimen of the Portuguese fondness, first for our Lady, and then for St. Francis, if you will look back again to the dialogue out of the Philippine-book. Ther you will find that each of the King's four daughters was christened by the name of *Mary Frances*.

But the great devotion of the Portuguese does not interfere at all with their love of the other sex, or their love of dancing, which is another of their mighty loves. As soon as they have done with evening-singing of litanies before their crucifixes in the streets, and at their windows or balconies, if you take a ramble about the streets, you see in houses and shops numbers of them dancing merrily at the sound of a guittar or two, while some of the company, or the guittarists themselves, sing a song to the tune. None of your *minuets* and your *aimables*. Their dances are not of such a cold, insipid,

spid, and frenchified kind. They chiefly consist in jumps and jerks, in languid postures and languid falls, in a quick and incessant striking of their heels on the ground, perfectly calculated to kindle the mind with joy and the heart with desire.

Thus live the Portuguese in an uninterrupted round of devotion and pleasure. They are neither gluttons nor drunkards, though their country wants neither food nor drink. Their beef and veal indeed are not so generally good as in England, or in the western and northern parts of Italy; but their pork, mutton, and lamb are excellent; and so are their chickens, fowls, ducks, turkeys, and game. As for fish, the Lisbon-market, is perhaps the most plentifully and most variously supplied in Europe; and all their fruit and garden-stuff is superlatively good. The low people seldom taste flesh; but the best sort keep very good tables and have French cooks. To keep a table, however, must require a considerable expence
 in

in Lisbon, if to live at home costs proportionably as much as to live at an inn. My table at Kelly's, which was far from being a sumptuous one, cost me above a guinea a day. But I know nothing as to the manner of living of the great in Lisbon, because I have seen none. By what I have seen of the inferior classes, they seem to like a good house, if they have one that is good: but if they have it not, a *Baracca* will do quite as well. As to household furniture they have no refined ideas. A hard matrafs in a corner, or a mat, or their own cloaths, will stand them in stead of as good beds as down can make; for which reason they look generally dirty. Almost any thing with them will supply the place of victuals; and water is excellent to quench the thirst, especially such good water as they have here.

Thus live the Portuguese, without thinking much of to-morrow; that plaguy *to-morrow*, which, along with
liberty,

liberty, is always uppermost in the head of an Englishman. In general they are healthy and full of spirits, and live long, if we may judge by the great number of old people that one sees in their metropolis. Whether the proportion of happiness is greater in Portugal than in England, or the contrary, I have no means of calculating; but the Portuguese do not look as if they were disturbed by desire of change, or fear of want.

The ruin of their capital was a misfortune eternally to be commiserated. Speaking of it, the Portuguese would say: *Quem não ha visto Lisboa, não ha visto coisa boa*; "he who has not seen Lisbon, has seen nothing that is good." Of such partial sayings almost every nation has one, if not more. *Quien no ha visto Sevilla, no ha visto maravilla*. "He who has not seen Seville has not seen a wonder." *Qui n' a point vu Versailles, n' a vu rien qui vaille*. "He who has not seen Versailles has seen nothing worth seeing." I could give you many more

VOL. I. X sayings

sayings of this sort, if I had a mind.
That of the Neapolitans is the most ener-
getick of them all, though not in rhyme.

Vedi Napoli e po' mori. "See Naples, and
"then die."

It is now time to end my *Postscript*.
I go to lie down on my straw-bag, and
set the fleas and rats at defiance.

The END of the FIRST VOLUME.

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